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PARISIAN CRIMES AND GUILT.

ONCE more the streets of Paris have streamed with blood, and re-echoed the shouts of the combatants and the groans of the dying. Yet once more—though not for the last time—that wild, ferocious populace, maddened by want, disappointed hopes, and revenge, have been raising barricades, and flying to all that fearful machinery for the destruction of a Government with which they are so awfully familiar, to crush the National Assembly, which they look upon as their tyrant and oppressor. Who is surprised at this new calamity, and all the slaughter that has attended it, hand in hand? Who wonders to see the pavement of that fierce metropolis swimming with human gore, while torn-up paving stones and iron railings, battered carriages and waggons, bullet-pierced walls and burning timbers attest the deadly nature of the struggle that has been fought? We rather are astonished that all is over so soon; that myriads are not slain instead of thousands; that the devouring flames have not levelled the whole city, in ashes, to the ground. We stand and look on in horror, but not in surprise; not hoping as yet to see the end; wondering in dismay, what next will follow; while dark visions of the infernal guillotine and blood-red executioners, and that most diabolical of all human beings, the infuriated Parisian woman, rise up before the imagination, and appal us with dread for the coming destiny of France and Europe.

That the issue must finally be in favour of the Government, was clear from the moment that it was known how the National Guard and the troops of the Line would act. Even a Paris mob must yield before hundreds of thousands of disciplined soldiery. Courageous, soldier-like, and reckless as are the men who swarm in the Faubourgs and narrow streets of the city, they must quail before the volleys of musketry and the deadly sweep of cannon-shot, when there is no traitorous spirit at work among those who are called out at all hazards to put them down. Every man in France, with some few exceptions, who has any thing to lose, must throw himself heart and hand into the

cause of the Government, whatever be his past political predilections. The alternative is too horrible for contemplation. The consequences which must have followed on a victory of the insurgents, make one shudder at the very thought. Familiar as we are with the atrocities and sanguinary scenes of the first Revolution only through the accounts of a past generation, which suffered from them; or beheld them in awe-stricken dread, we yet know enough of what Paris is under a reign of terror, to welcome the return of order, under any authority, as an unspeakable blessing to the race of man itself. The advent of a season of death, blasphemy, and obscenity, is the least that could be anticipated, had the Communists and Socialists of the French metropolis overwhelmed the present Republican Government. Our blood runs cold, and our heart sickens at the thought of what human nature is capable of, when goaded on by all those maddening passions which rage and boil in the breast of a Parisian populace, when the demon of anarchy is let loose among them.

Yet if any could deserve so horrible a fate as to be subjugated to such a monster's caprices and crimes, it is that portion of the more educated people of France who have encouraged the Socialist and Communist dreams of the poor, ignorant, unthinking mechanics. We blame not the enraged and vengeful *ouvriers* so much as those guilty men who have spurred them on to their wild revenge, by the monstrous visions of social regeneration they have been holding out to them, and the base pandering to their passions to which they betook themselves when they needed the support of the populace to uphold their own schemes of ambition and personal aggrandisement. These, these are the curse of France, the destroyers of thousands, the murderers of the innocent; these are they who have made hundreds of houses the abodes of mourning, and filled the city with the wailing of widows and orphans. It is the teachers of the lying doctrines of Communism on whose heads is the blood that has been shed. They taught the ignorant labourer, worn out with toils and sufferings, that a golden day was now come, that the experience of ages was nought, and that nothing but the cupidity and selfishness of a few men in power prevented the whole population of Paris from rejoicing in comfort and idleness. They stirred up every latent desire and hope in the bosom of the poor man; they played with him, body and soul; they made him their own tool; and now he has arisen in his infuriated folly to smite and destroy, in the vain hope that from the blood of his persecutors would spring up the flowers and fruits of a Paradise of joy.

Let us not, indeed, in our indignation at the excesses of the French populace, or our dread of the horrors that would have followed upon their triumph,

forget who are the guilty cause of all the wretchedness that has come to pass. The three darkest criminals, if those who *cause* crimes are to be counted as the most guilty, are the old aristocracy and monarchs of France, who debased and tyrannised over a whole nation during the ancient *régime*; the dethroned monarch, who is now expiating his deceitful mockery of the name of a constitutional sovereign, in the retirement of Claremont; and the men who, before and after the events of last February, have goaded on the multitude to madness, by preaching to them the godless gospel, which dreams of a new organisation of labour, and asserts that all men, to be free, must be equal. Let all have their due; let us denounce, with the just vehemence of offended truth, the bloody crimes to which an infuriated people give themselves up; but let us not forget that they are the poor, the ignorant, the deceived, the starving, the despairing. Many among them are, indeed, not so. They are organised and excited by men of bolder energies and more extensive information, who urge the mechanic forward, that he may die at the cannon's mouth; while the cowards who have incited him, mount upon his dead body, and proclaim themselves masters of France. The poor *never* rise till they are goaded to it by unendurable iniquities. There is a hallowing influence in poverty, which, among other holy virtues, instils a patient spirit of endurance into the sufferer's soul, till human nature can bear no more. It is the same in France; the same in England; the same in Ireland. Insurrection is the result of tyranny; and though it may eventually break forth at a time when least provoked, and be directed against those who abhor the cruelties that have called it forth; yet it is but the working of an iron justice, of a fierce retribution, which inflicts upon *races* and *classes* the penalties which, as *races* and *as classes*, they have brought down upon their heads.

Ardently, therefore, as we rejoice to hear of the triumph of the National Guards and regular troops in Paris, so that with a kind of horrible satisfaction we read of the deadly slaughter they wrought amid the ranks of their foes, we weep bitterly to reflect that these dying men are victims, in the deepest sense of the word. They are the victims of generations of tyranny, neglect, and mockery. They are the victims of a sovereign, who devoted the noblest talents and an almost boundless power to the aggrandisement of a family, instead of the regeneration of a nation. They are the victims of lying prophets, accursed as the deceivers of old among the people of Israel, who, when the Church of God stood by, preaching the true gospel of grace to a sinful and darkened people, thrust out the priest and profaned the altar, that they might delude the poor man with a promise of earthly, carnal, sensual gratification and enjoyment, to his present delusion and his final misery.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

"THE blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church." Such has been the experience of the Church of God in all ages and in every clime. A wonderful and mysterious law pervades the destinies of the human race. Suffering is the one condition of victory. To live, we must die. To triumph, we must fall. That law to which our Divine Master himself submitted, and which He himself also enacted, rules with inexorable rigour over every creature who shares our common humanity. There is nothing great, there is nothing good, there is nothing enduring, which is not subjected to the same unbending fate. It comes within the experience of us

all; we have but to cast our eyes around, and see what noble works, what benevolent institutions, what pious and praiseworthy achievements, have been brought to a successful issue, both on a large and on a small scale, and the same strange and mysterious facts strike us every-where that we turn;—they have been wrought out through sorrow, through suffering, through a martyrdom of the flesh or of the spirit, through the self-sacrifice of those who have been the chief instruments of their accomplishment. Whosoever there is who would fain take his place among the benefactors of his species, must prepare for this inevitable lot. If he would win others, he must give himself and all he holds most dear as the price. The eternal law has gone forth; it has been consecrated by the submission of One more than man to its behest, and they who would share *His* honours must share *His* sufferings.

If we might venture, without arrogance, to speak in such a strain, we should most fervently give joy to the Church of France, in that she has been called to participate in this destiny of all that is best upon earth, in giving her highest prelate as a martyr to the cause of religion and peace. Who can read the record of the conduct and the fate of the Archbishop of Paris, without a thrill of triumph at beholding the deeds of old times thus recalled, at our very doors, even while he mourns for the horrible carnage which laid the venerable prelate low amidst heaps of the dying and the dead? It is a sight such as France, and England, and all that part of the world which claims to be most civilised, has not beheld for many a weary age. It opens men's eyes to the glorious mission of the Church upon earth, as the voice of the God of peace and holiness uttering His message of truth amid the wild affray of raging men. Associated as are all the officers and ministers of religion among ourselves with every thing that is tranquil and respectful, orderly and calm, we can scarcely conceive the scene, wherein the figure of a Christian Bishop appeared mingling with the infuriated forms of contending troops and insurgents, lifting up on high the banner of peace, and entreating with the fervent accents of love, that blood might be no more shed, till he fell prostrate before the men he would save, struck, whether by accident or with murderous aim, by one of the storm of balls which he had braved in his Master's cause. It recalls those times of barbarous fierceness, when Europe was saved from enduring the last horrors of lawless violence by the perpetual intervention of the clergy, until the whole of Christendom, overcome by their persevering works of mercy, hastened to lay its treasures at the feet of that body which had preserved it from the sufferings of unrestrained anarchy.

We cannot but augur from these events a happy progress for religion in France. That the clergy could not have done otherwise than they have done, from the beginning of the revolution, is admitted by almost every man who is free from prejudice, bigotry, and determined blindness. And now that they have given their most exalted prelate to be sacrificed upon the altar of their country's peace,—now that the Church has thus hallowed her cause by her own blood,—she cannot but be honoured with a noble share of that spiritual triumph over unbelief, ungodliness, and sin, which is the highest reward to which her children aspire, and for which we are convinced that she has hundreds more who are ready, like their illustrious chief, to face the musketry of a thousand foes.

A few words, recounting the circumstances of the Archbishop's death, will shew by what principles he was animated when he met his fate.

Foreseeing the frightful slaughter which must inevitably ensue, if the insurgents could not be brought to their senses by gentler means, the Archbishop went to the hôtel of General Cavaignac, and begged permission to present himself, in his episcopal character, to the enraged people, in the hope that he might calm their passions and bring them to reason. The General gladly received the proposition, and the Archbishop, accompanied by his two grand-vicars, hastened to the *Place de la Bastille*, where the combat was hottest. On his road there, crowds of persons saluted him with every demonstration of respect, and many on their knees begged his blessing. Some few, more prudent, warned him of the perils he was braving. He only replied, "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

Arrived at the spot where the soldiers were engaged with the insurgents, he asked the colonel who commanded in the place of the general who was just killed, whether it was not possible to stop the firing for a few minutes, hoping that if the soldiers ceased, the populace would cease also. The officer agreed to his wishes, and, almost simultaneously, the firing was stopped, and the insurgents mounted on the top of their barricade. The Archbishop advanced to the barricade, with his grand-vicars, MM. Jacquemët and Ravinet; the mob crowded down to meet him, while the soldiery and their companions followed close upon his steps. Violent altercations instantly ensued between the two parties, in the midst of which a musket-shot, no one knew from what quarter, resounded through the air. Shouts of "Treason, treason!" instantly re-echoed on all sides, the people hurried over the barricade, and the firing recommenced.

The Archbishop was thus placed between two fires. He rushed forward, however, mounted the barricade, and stood exposed to the view of both parties, while the balls whistled around him in such a shower, that no less than three pierced the hat of one of the vicars. Seeing the hopelessness of making himself heard, or of calming the ferocious populace, he began to descend the barricade, when a ball struck him in the groin, and he fell into the arms of one of his servants who had followed him, and who was himself wounded in the side. The bullet which struck the Archbishop was supposed to have come from a window close by. The sight of the stricken prelate produced an instantaneous effect on many of the people. They crowded round him, and he was carried to the hospital of *Quinze-Vingts*.

The Archbishop himself preserved his serenity undisturbed; and when M. Jacquemët told him, in answer to his questions, that his life was in danger, he said, "Blessed be God! and may He accept the sacrifice I offer Him for the salvation of this wandering people! May my death serve to expiate the faults of which I may have been guilty since I was called to be a Bishop." Then, collecting his thoughts, he made his confession, and received Extreme Unction, preserving all the while his peace and self-control, though he was enduring the acutest pangs. Again and again he said, "Life is nothing; the time I had to live was nothing; I have sacrificed little enough for God, and for those who were created in His image, and redeemed with His blood." On Tuesday he was taken to his own house, the streets through which he had to pass being crowded with people, making every demonstration of veneration and grief. The pains he suffered were extreme, the surgeons finding it impossible to extract the ball. After lingering for some time, the martyred prelate rendered up his soul to God about four on Wednesday afternoon.

HOUSE OF COMMONS SQUABBLES.

To the unparliamentary reader it is difficult to comprehend the real meaning of the bickerings which take place in the very Honourable House of Commons. All the world has so long learnt that there is such an incredible amount of humbug in the disputes of our legislators, that when they seem to be all genuine fire and fury, we suspect that they are only puffing forth volumes of smoke in order to blind the eyes of lookers-on to the utter worthlessness of their pretended divisions,

principles, and parties. When Russells, Bentincks, and Disraelis rise in apparent towering passions, ready to pull one another's noses, calling one another scamps and liars, in every way short of the actual ugly words themselves, plain folks reading the reports of the debates, and the record of the thundering cheers, counter-cheers, and shouts of laughter with which the House receives the course of vituperations, imagine that there must be something very horrible at the bottom, and that an instantaneous impeachment is sure to be the result, followed by degradation, fine, or imprisonment.

But lo! the scene changes, and all is still. We are transported from the floor of the House, and the benches on which members loll, sleep, and snore, to the gay drawing-rooms of their private mansions, and there we behold these same men, who but yesterday mouthed, and blustered, and seemed on the point of shooting each other through the brain, now engaged in the most amiable of conversations, cultivating the *dolce far niente* with the sweetest of smiles, and uniting in laughter at the simplicity of the uninitiated who think that any thing serious is meant by these ferocious legislative onslaughts. Notwithstanding an occasional interference from Mr. Speaker, who takes measures to stop what looks like the commencement of a duel, the boisterous zeal and cutting personalities of our statesmen turn out to be all *parliamentary*, i.e. unreal, false, shams, and impostures.

We are far enough, of course, from pretending that it is not far better that these roaring lions should subside into bleating lambs, when they leave the Senate-House, than that the old curse of pistols or swords should be brought back again, or that there is any thing to be deprecated in the most ready forgiveness of the cutting taunts and insults which fly about so freely among these honourable individuals. Again and again we rejoice that the old blood-thirsty days are gone by, we trust for ever—when a duel between a minister and an oppositionist was almost as common as a hanging at Tyburn Gate. But who can read the record of such squabbles as that which disgraced the House of Commons during the debate on the West Indian Colonies, without a feeling of disgust at the childish quarrels of some of the most distinguished members of the government and the opposition? Who can peruse Lord George Bentinck's violent and ungentlemanly attack upon Lord Grey and Mr. Hawes, with the Premier's unscrupulous personalities directed against Lord George's character and pursuits, without a feeling of contempt for the men who thus can be roused to energy only by malicious and insulting insinuations, while they go to sleep together over every thing that concerns the wellbeing of a mighty empire? Who does not see that such scandalous scenes do more to bring discredit and contempt upon the legislature of the kingdom, than all the assaults of Chartists and Socialists, or all the frenzy of Republicans?

Lord John Russell is generally accounted to be a man of most amiable disposition and irreproachable temper. He is a man really with many friends. He has rarely lost himself in the warmth of debate. Pet and passion are not his line. He can bear to be badgered and bullied without forgetting what is due to his character as a gentleman, and what are the necessary consequences of the freedom of debate. Yet he so far lowered himself in the heat of his anger, as to reply to Lord George's violent and headlong attack, by sneers against the sporting predilections of his adversary, and by insinuating that jockeys in general were blackguards, and that Lord George, though an M.P., and

a political speech-maker, was no better than the rest of the class who frequent betting-rooms and racing-stables. Here is a portion of the Premier's oration, which we think as disgraceful a thing, in a small way, as ever came forth from the lips of one who pretended to be the chief minister of a gigantic kingdom.

"Now, I must say, generally, with regard to these matters, quite apart from the conduct of my noble friend, and generally with regard to the conduct of men high in public office, that these mean frauds, these extremely dishonourable tricks which the noble lord imputes to them, are not the faults and characteristics of men who are high in public office in this country. (Cheers.) They are characteristics of men who are engaged in pursuits which the noble lord long followed. (Cheers, answered by cries of 'oh, oh.') The noble lord very greatly distinguished himself in detecting a fraud of that nature with respect to the name or the age of a horse (great laughter, followed by loud cries of 'oh, oh'), in which he shewed very great quickness of apprehension. (Renewed laughter, and cries of 'oh, oh.') But when the noble lord comes forward and imputes to a man of the character of my noble friend (some cries of 'oh,' which were immediately drowned in loud cheering)—when he imputes to a man of the character of Lord Grey (renewed cheers) fraudulent conduct, with a view of suppressing the truth, with a view of evading the disclosure of the truth, I say he totally misconceives the character of Lord Grey. (Much cheering.) He totally misconceives the character of any man with whom I have been acquainted, of any party, who has been in high office in this country for a long term of years, in throwing out these imputations, utterly unfounded as they are (cries of 'oh, oh!' met by renewed cheers)—utterly unfounded as they are, I repeat again, because to charge Lord Grey with anything like fraud, with anything like meanness, is an imputation to which he, of almost all men, is the least liable. (Loud cheers.) I say, it is true, generally, that no such charges can safely be preferred. They belong rather to those pursuits in which the noble lord—(vehement cries of 'oh, oh!' followed by cheers, prevented another word of this sentence from being heard). And I am satisfied, that when the whole of these matters come to be discussed, it will be the general conviction of the world, that the noble lord has done in this instance as he has done in some other instances,—one I remember, of a right hon. gentleman lately the Prime Minister of this country ('hear, hear,' and 'oh, oh!'): another occurred within these few days, with respect to a gentleman who holds a subordinate situation in the office of the Board of Trade ('hear,' and a laugh): and I say, that when the noble lord makes these reckless and unfounded imputations, it will be found that he will not injure the character of those whom he attacks, but he will injure his own character for common justice and honour. (Loud cheers, mixed with cries of 'oh, oh,' from the opposition benches.)"

What wonder after this that Mr. Disraeli, ever on the watch for the opportunity of displaying his gladiatorial powers, should start to his feet and make the house ring with the cheers of Tories and Protectionists, as he cut up the noble Lord with unsparing and savage glee? What wonder that Mr. Hawes (for whom we feel the most sympathy in the business), should rise in a state of the hottest excitement, and tell his accuser that he is destitute of honour and gentlemanly feeling; or that the sporting statesman who has flung the apple of discord among the disputants, should pretend that he will not follow the Premier in his violence, all the while reiterating his charge, and asserting that the Under Colonial Secretary is telling lies, and knows it?

Yet to these men is the fate of England—and still more sadly, the fate of Ireland—now entrusted! These are they who are suffering the vessel of the state to drift on before the tide to its destruction. These are they who pretend to represent the *people*; the groaning, starving, agonising multitudes who year after year are

falling deeper and deeper into the hideous gulf of pauperism. They shew no energies except to coerce. They are great by deputy, and their deputies are, the jury's verdict of "guilty," the policeman's truncheon, and the soldier's bayonet. These are they who *dare* not attempt to win the Chartists by conciliation and protection; who *dare* not move to save the West Indies from destruction; who *dare* not consult the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland, with a view to remedying the miseries of that suffering state. They can call out hundreds of thousands of special constables; they can send off a condemned man to Bermuda; they can lecture roundly a poor Queen of Spain; they can black-guard one another in the House of Commons; they can be wondrous civil to the dreaded Majesty of Republican France; but for Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies,—for the millions who cry for justice and for mercy,—they have nothing, or worse than nothing. How long can these things be?

ROMAN AFFAIRS.

GIOBERTI AND THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

Rome, June 15, 1848.

IN my last letter I told you that very little general interest had been excited by the prospect of the elections; the result has proved that the interest was even much less than could have been anticipated, at least if one may judge of other places from what occurred in Rome itself, for only about three or four hundred went to the poll in each electoral college, whereas a thousand or more were entitled to vote. I believe, in the provinces the proportion of those who actually polled their votes was still smaller, as might naturally be expected, for, excepting one or two of the principal legations, such as Bologna, Ferrara, &c., Rome concentrates in itself the political excitement of the country. The elections passed off therefore quietly and flatly, and one may predicate the same of all that has happened here since that time. Within the walls of the young "House of Commons" there has been a little warm discussion, but out of it every thing has been stagnant and dull; and one is very well contented that it should be so; long may it continue. Of course we had firing of guns and waving of flags, and all the details of a regular Roman *festa*, when the news of the capture of Peschiera was received; and something of a *festa* too at the opening of the new Houses; but, with these exceptions, Rome has worn her ancient garb of peace and quietness. She was a little excited for a few days at the return of some of her volunteers, who deserted her ranks after their first misadventure, and came back to their homes with the intention of resuming their original peaceful occupations; but they were far too numerous to escape observation in this way. Prince Aldobrandini, as head of the Civic Guard, thundered a proclamation against them, dismissing them from that body, "of which they had shewn themselves unworthy;" placards were hawked about the streets, stating that the Pope had severely commented upon their cowardice, and the journals joined in the hue and cry. Day after day advertisements appeared, clearing this or that individual from the charge of desertion, on the strength of some letter which his family had just received from him dated from the theatre of the war, and which letter had been duly exhibited at the office of the newspaper, that its genuineness might be set beyond suspicion. However, by and by Professor Orioli stepped forward to say a few words in behalf of these persecuted individuals, who bid fair to become outcasts from Roman society; these remarks appeared in a supplement to the *Epoca* of the 25th May, whereupon the *Cotemporaneo* declared, that only one thing could be worse than the conduct of the deserters, viz. that persons should be found who would defend them. Certainly the justification urged by the Professor was somewhat singular, and betrays strange theories of military discipline. According to Orioli, these young warriors "withdrew themselves" (for this is the euphemism by which their fault is to be covered) only when they found that their lives were exposed to useless danger, through the in-

these subterranean recesses St. Valerian, St. Tiburtius, and the rest, converted by St. Cecilia; St. Pontian, St. Antherus, St. Fabian, and St. Cornelius. There is still extant a letter of this last-named Pope, addressed to his legate in Gaul, St. Lupicinus, Bishop of Vienne, in which he complains that "there is no possibility of celebrating Mass publicly, nor even in the more noted crypts."* But long before this, at a time prior to the very earliest of these Pontiffs, there is evidence that the Christians made use of these places wherein to practise the holy rites of their religion; and moreover, that they were occasionally surprised and taken in them by their relentless enemies. An epitaph was found on the grave of a certain Alexander in the Catacomb of St. Callixtus much longer and more rhetorical than the ordinary character of such inscriptions: after specifying that, whilst the holy martyr was on his knees, just about to sacrifice to the true God, he was seized and dragged away to punishment, the writer bursts forth into the following pathetic lamentation: "O unhappy times, in which we cannot be safe amid our prayers and sacred rites, not even in caverns! What more miserable than life, ay, and what more miserable too in death, when the dead cannot be buried by their relations and friends!" In an earlier part of the inscription, it is mentioned that this Alexander had lived under the Emperor Antoninus, whom Mabillon† and most other writers have understood to be Antoninus Pius; but even if the person intended be the second emperor of that name, still the martyrdom of Alexander cannot be put later than A.D. 170, i.e. nearly fifty years before the pontificate of St. Callixtus.

The lives of this Pope and of those of his successors who have been already named, bring us down to the middle of the third century, when, under the heathen emperor Valerian, a bitter persecution was raging against the Church; and we read‡ that it was expressly forbidden to the Christians "to hold assemblies in, or even to enter, those places which are called *cemeteries*." Of course, however, it was impossible that this edict should be obeyed; and St. Stephen, who was Pope at the time, both lived in the Catacombs and said Mass there; and baptised at one time upwards of sixty, at another more than a hundred individuals of both sexes, and held councils of his clergy there.§ St. Hippolytus too, a Roman citizen, led a solitary life in the same place of concealment, and was the means of drawing many from the errors of Paganism to the worship of the true God; amongst others, his own sister and her husband, whose children, being in the habit of coming to him very frequently with food, he one day detained, as a means of obliging the parents to come into his presence; and when they had been convinced of the truth of Christianity, partly by arguments, partly by a miracle wrought by St. Stephen upon a young paralytic whom he baptised, they too sold all that they had, and gave it to the poor, and went and lived with him in the same subterranean world. Not long afterwards, some of Valerian's soldiers discovered the Bishop's retreat at the very moment that he was saying Mass; and as soon as the sacrifice was offered, they rushed in and murdered him, as he sat in his episcopal chair. He was buried in the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, and his chair, all stained with blood as it was, was carefully preserved there also. It seems to have been found in its own place when this Catacomb was re-discovered in the sixteenth century; and it was not removed until the year of Jubilee, 1700, when Innocent XII. presented it to Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, for the military order of Knights of St. Stephen, at Pisa, of which he was the Grand Master.

St. Sixtus, who immediately succeeded St. Stephen, did not obey the imperial prohibition any better than his predecessor; and, like him therefore, he received the crown of martyrdom in the Catacombs themselves. But the following year, Gallienus, moved not by any feelings of justice or humanity, but by considerations of prudence (alarmed, as it would appear, by the extraordinary severity of his father's misfortunes||),

revoked the prohibition altogether, and the Christians recovered the right of frequenting their subterranean assemblies without molestation; that is to say, such assemblies were not in themselves illegal; but it was twenty years later than this, under the reign of Numerian, that a large number of the faithful were buried alive in one of the Catacombs, whither they had gone to visit the graves of St. Chrysanthus and St. Daria, by means of a wall which he caused to be hastily built up at the entrance, and heaps of sand and stones which were thrown in from above. Thirty years later still, Maximian endeavoured* to renew the prohibition against the assemblies of the Christians amid the tombs of their dead. Meanwhile, during the persecution of Diocletian, Pope Caius lay hid in these consecrated places for eight whole years, and only came out of them to join the noble army of martyrs in heaven: and even when the heathen persecutions had ceased, by the general Christian profession of the Empire, Pope Liberius (A.D. 359) was very glad to find shelter in the cemetery of St. Agnes for a year or more, until the death of the Arian Constantius; and, after him again, St. Boniface I., in the beginning of the fifth century, remained for some time in the cemetery of St. Felicitas, during the troubles consequent upon the election of the Anti-Pope Eulalius.

The following interesting feature in the early biography of St. Jerome belongs to a period between the two latest that I have mentioned, and it opens upon us a new and important era in the history of the Catacombs;—a time when they were frequented, not so much for the purposes of burial, or for the ordinary celebration of Divine worship, as a means of satisfying, on certain extraordinary occasions, the devotion of the faithful. "Whilst I was being educated," he says,† "as a boy at Rome, I used every Sunday, with others of my own age, companions in my studies, to visit the sepulchres of the Apostles and martyrs, and frequently to enter those crypts which are dug into the depths of the earth, and whose walls, on either side as you enter them, are full of the bodies of the dead: the whole is so dark, that one almost sees the fulfilment of the Prophet's words,‡ 'Let them go down alive into hell' (i.e. into Hades); here and there, a little light from above just tempers the horror of the darkness, but it is a mere hole, you cannot call it a window, through which the light is admitted; and as you advance step by step, and find yourself surrounded with the utter darkness of night, the verse of Virgil spontaneously occurs to your mind,

"Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent."

I cannot quote these words without at the same time protesting against the sentiment which they express, that terror and alarm are among the feelings which naturally arise in the mind as one visits these ancient cemeteries; on the contrary, I believe that the sight of them inspires nothing but thoughts of exultation and triumph, that those whose bodies are around us should by their privations and sufferings have vanquished the world; of gratitude, that we have entered into the fruits of their labours; of faith, and hope, and joy; in a word, of every thing that is most bright and cheering. However, be this as it may, it is clear from the testimony of St. Jerome in this and other places, that in the middle of the fourth century a visit to the Catacombs was a frequent exercise of devotion with the Roman Christians. "In what other city," he asks, "do we see such zealous and numerous assemblies in churches and at the sepulchres of the martyrs?"§ and again, "the gilded Capitol is dusty and dingy, and all the temples of Rome are covered with cobwebs; the whole population of the city is in motion, and runs to prostrate itself at the tombs of the martyrs."|| The hymns of the first Christian poet, Prudentius, abound with allusions to the same practice; and it appears to have been continued with more or less regularity for many centuries.

In the middle of the sixth century, indeed, the Goths were pressing upon Rome on all sides, so that there

* Baron. ad ann. 255.

† Euseb. Hist. Eccl. vii. 10.

‡ Euseb. H. E. vii. 12.

§ Iter Italicum, tom. i. p. 139.

|| Anastas. Bibl. Vit. Rom. Pont.

* Euseb. ix. 2.

† Ps. liv. 16.

‡ Ep. ad Laetam.

§ Comm. in Ezech. c. 40.

|| Comm. in Ep. ad Gal. lib. ii. Proem.

was no possibility of going in and out of the city; and, amongst other depredations which they committed, they destroyed many churches outside the walls, and rifled some portion of the Catacombs; but twenty years afterwards (A.D. 559) we find Pope John III. taking great pains to restore them, and ordering that the oblations, the candles, and all other requisites for saying Mass in them, should be supplied every Sunday from the Basilica of St. John Lateran. He himself had occasion to reside in one of them (that of SS. Tiburtius and Valerian) for some time; and he even consecrated Bishops there. Towards the end of the same century, Gregory the Great re-arranged the "Stations," or places of assembly for the faithful on the several holydays of the year, and in this catalogue many of the Catacombs are included, as well as the Basilicas and other churches.* Hence in a MS. of St. Gregory's *Liber Sacramentorum*, which has been published by Cardinal Tommasi,† the titles of these Stations are given, just as those of the Stations now in use in Advent, Lent, Easter, Pentecost, &c. in the Roman Missal at present; but with this peculiarity, that whereas some are mentioned simply as being held in such and such Catacombs, of others it is said that the Station *used* to be there (*olim*): the reason of this change is to be sought in the age of the MS., which is of the eighth century, when the practice of translating the bodies of the martyrs from the Catacombs to churches within the walls (of which we shall have to speak hereafter) had already commenced.

After Gregory, the next Pope who appears to have interested himself in the preservation of these precious relics of antiquity, was Honorius I., A.D. 625, who, like John III., restored many that had fallen into neglect, or had been plundered by the Goths, and gave vestments for the purpose of saying Mass in them. It is recorded, too, of Pope Sergius I., about sixty years afterwards, that whilst he was a priest he had been very diligent in saying Mass in several of the Christian cemeteries; and of Gregory III., A.D. 732, that he renewed the order, which had been given nearly 200 years before, that the Church of St. John Lateran should supply the hosts, wine, &c., necessary for offering the Christian sacrifice in these places. The next few years witnessed the ruinous depredations of the Lombards, who, whilst they were besieging Rome at several of its principal gates,‡ consumed every thing they could reach with fire and sword, and committed acts of the most revolting sacrilege; they ate the Blessed Sacrament after partaking of their ordinary food, and as though it had not been sacred; they used the coverings and ornaments of the altars for the meanest purposes; they broke into the Catacombs, and carried off several of the bodies; amongst others, it was reported§ that Astolphus had taken away the body of St. Cecilia. This report did not prove to be true; but Pope Paul I., A.D. 761, has left us a most deplorable account of the general condition of the Catacombs after this second invasion of them. He says that many of them had been neglected of old, and in great measure ruined, but that now by the impious Lombards they had been more thoroughly destroyed; that they had taken up and removed many bodies of the saints, and that, in consequence, the honour and veneration which was due to such holy places was now most carelessly paid; that even different animals had had access to them; and that in some places men had dared to put up folds and stalls, and to convert the consecrated burial-places of Christians into stables and dunghills. For these reasons, he considered it more reverent to cause any bodies of martyrs that might be found to be removed into churches and monasteries within the walls, which was accordingly done.

I have already said that this practice had been begun long before; the earliest instance of which we have any certain records belonging to the middle of the seventh century, and Paul I. belonging to the latter end of the eighth. Paschal the First, however, and Gregory the Fourth, in the beginning and middle of the ninth century, continued the practice on a much

larger scale; and from this time until the beginning of the thirteenth century it became more and more common, whilst, by a very natural consequence, general religious interest in the Catacombs proportionably diminished. It was not, however, altogether extinct; Pope Adrian I., A.D. 772, repaired the entrances and restored the ruined chapels of several; Nicholas the First, too, A.D. 858, restored one of them, although the bodies of the martyrs who had been buried in it (SS. Abdon and Sennen) had been already removed by Gregory IV. to the church of St. Mark, which had given him his title as Cardinal; he also renewed the celebration of Mass in different places in the Catacombs, which had fallen into disuse for many years: lastly, even in the beginning of the twelfth century it was still the custom of the devout Romans on Good Friday to visit these cemeteries of the martyrs barefooted, and in solemn procession.* These are the latest traces which I have found of religious exercises performed in these places; for when the people visit the Catacombs of St. Valentine, as they continue to do even now upon his feast-day, there is no chapel in the Catacomb itself in which they can say their prayers, but only in the adjoining vineyard of the Augustinians; and when an English priest said Mass last year in the Catacombs of St. Agnes, it was by the special permission of the Pope; and probably it had not been said there for more than a thousand years before.

We must not imagine, however, that they were lost sight of during the whole of this long period: the utmost space of time during which there appears to be no mention of them is from the Pontificate of Honorius III. to that of Martin V., i. e. during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when it is not surprising that they should have been forgotten, or at least neglected; and at the end of this time, when Martin V. *does* mention them, it is to make the same lamentation as Paul I. had done, that brute animals had entered there, and trodden under foot the ashes of the dead.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century the practice of translating the bodies of the martyrs was again renewed by order of various Popes, who granted from time to time special privileges for the purpose to different individuals or religious bodies. About the same time, A.D. 1508, Onuphrius Panvinus, an Augustinian, wrote some account of the number and names of the Christian cemeteries, as gathered from the *Acts of the Martyrs*, the *Liber Pontificalis*, and other ancient authorities, but it does not appear that he had personally visited any of them, and he only reckoned forty-three. In this he was followed by the learned Baronius, about five-and-twenty years later; but by this time the Catacomb of St. Callixtus had come to light, and the discovery had excited no small interest among the inhabitants of Rome. He describes the city as being amazed to find that she had other cities, unknown to her, concealed beneath her own suburbs; and he adds, that the learned now for the first time began to *understand* what before they had only read or heard of. Meanwhile Antonio Bosio, a Maltese by birth, and an advocate by profession, who had received his education from the Jesuits, and was now residing in Rome as agent or *procurator* for the Knights of Malta, was preparing that invaluable work upon the Catacombs to which every later writer upon the subject must be always more or less indebted. This indefatigable author appears to have been interested in them from his very youth; and he spent thirty-three years in a continual examination of their recesses. It is not surprising, therefore, that, as Padre Marchi says, "none can surpass him, except by *adding* to the information which he has given; until there are fresh excavations on a very extensive scale, writers can but follow in his train; to be true, they must be old." He died before his work had been completed, in the year 1600, and left his writings and all his property to the order in whose service he had been engaged. Prince Carlo Aldobrandini, who was the principal representative of the Knights at that time in Rome, shewed the papers to Cardinal Francesco Barberini, librarian of the Vatican, who consigned them to P. Giovanni Severano, an Oratorean; and under his care the work was published

* John Diae. in Vit. S. Gregor. lib. ii. c. 18.

† Ven. Card. Thom. J. M. ed. Romæ, 1747, tom. ii. Præf. ad lect.

‡ See Letter of Pope Stephen III. ap. Baron. Ann. Eccl. ad ann. 755.

§ Baron. ad ann. 621.

* Vita di Pasquale II. Script. Rer. Ital. t. III. p. 1. p. 358.

(with some additions) thirty years afterwards. Arringhi, another member of the same congregation, made still further additions, and republished it in a Latin translation in 1654 and 1659.

In the early part of the next century a work was written by Mgr. Boldetti, intitled, *Observations upon the Cemeteries of the Holy Martyrs and Ancient Christians of Rome*, in two folio volumes. It is a valuable work, in consequence of the superior advantages which the author enjoyed by virtue of his official position as Custode delle Sagre Reliquie. He, too, had been continually visiting the Catacombs during a period of twenty-five years, and, like Bosio, died before his writings were published. He had been assisted in his labours by Marangoni and Lupi, two Jesuit Fathers, both of whom wrote short and independent treatises upon subjects connected with the Catacombs. Other authors also, such as Fabretti, Bottari, Buonarrotti, &c. have made important contributions to the same end; and there will be occasion to speak of them when we come to that particular branch of the subject which each may have taken in hand.

In the present century, the posthumous work of D'Agincourt contains some information of which we may avail ourselves hereafter, at least upon his own proper theme, the history of art. Another Frenchman too, M. Raoul-Rochette, has written a short and popular description of the Catacombs, but of this it is less necessary to speak, because it is a mere compilation from the works of others, and the author does not appear to have tested their accuracy by any subterranean researches of his own. The latest and most important work, however, is of a very different character, and will probably be classed hereafter with those of Bosio and Boldetti, both for the accuracy of its information and the laborious painstaking of its author; but at present it is unfinished, and in these troublous times, I fear it is likely long to remain so, more especially as the writer is a Jesuit. It was begun just four years ago by Padre Marchi, one of the Professors at the Roman College, and as yet only seventeen numbers have been published. These, however, complete one branch of the subject, the *architecture* of the Catacombs, the first of the three parts into which the work was originally divided: they form a valuable whole, therefore, even taken by themselves, though all lovers of Christian antiquities will have cause to regret if the series should not, at some future time, be resumed. To those who have not the opportunity of visiting the Catacombs in person, the value of this work is much enhanced by the incidental notices which it contains as to their actual condition at present, the difficulties which attend all attempts at a thorough examination of them, together with other interesting matters of practical detail, of which I hope in due time to give you a more particular account. N.

DANIEL DE COSNAC;

OR,

A COURT BISHOP OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

[Continued from p. 176.]

THE position of Cosnac with Monsieur, the husband of Henrietta of England, was one of more difficulty than with the latter. The recollections of the Fronde would have inspired him with the wish to convert his master into a political personage, a rival of royalty itself, but that Monsieur's disposition was ill fitted to lend itself to such a plan, in addition to which the watchful eye of Louis XIV. was ever upon him; moreover, Cosnac had soon to witness the growing favour of a rival against whom all his struggles were vain.

"During this campaign Monsieur began to take the Chevalier de Lorraine into his confidence, who served at the head of a regiment of infantry in this army. Necessity induced him to attach himself to the person of Monsieur, for his whole income did not exceed a thousand crowns drawn from his house. A prince of the house of Lorraine, of a pleasing exterior, and attaching himself to Monsieur quite as a species of servant, was a circumstance not a little flattering to the latter. He received him as such with pleasure, and forthwith made him the confidant of all his secrets. The friend-

ship was soon established, and was displayed publicly and in a very marked manner by the solicitude with which Monsieur visited him in the trenches, where he had received a slight wound from the bursting of a shell. He made him lodge at his own house, and spared nothing that could serve to mark his affection, giving him his carriage, and obliging him to remove into the town of Lille, though his wound was very trifling. He also displayed much impatience to see his friend again, and met him with transports of affection, hitherto quite foreign to Monsieur's practice. For the remainder of the campaign the same behaviour continued. I have ascertained that the first thing which Monsieur required of the Chevalier de Lorraine was, that he should be attached solely to himself, and that he should not enter in any way into the interests of Madame, for whom Monsieur had frequently proved his indifference. Monsieur did not speak to me of the Chevalier de Lorraine till after his arrival at Villars-Cotterets, and he then mentioned him as a man he believed to be entirely devoted to him. He told me that the Chevalier had protested that he desired to have the same attachment to his person as the late M. de Montmorency had had for the late Duke of Orleans, his uncle; and this he said was more honourable to him, inasmuch as the Chevalier was a prince, and M. de Montmorency only a private gentleman. I replied to Monsieur, that it would have been desirable on his account that the Chevalier had entered his service with a government like that of Languedoc, and 400,000 livres of rent, such as M. de Montmorency possessed."

As for the Bishop of Valence, nothing would have pleased him more than to play the part of Mentor to his patron; he made sincere efforts to drag him out of his insignificance, and was not alive to the injury he was thus doing himself in the mind of Louis XIV. Even as early as 1667, a man of the Bishop of Valence's experience ought to have been able to recognise the spirit of the coming time.

"The city of Tournay was the first expedition with which the campaign began; for Charleroi, which was previously taken, made no resistance, and was entered without obstacle. The King was very intent upon learning the art of war, and had all the best masters possible. There was nothing all day long but councils holding and orders issuing to the troops sent to the trenches. One morning that the King was in his tent, where he slept during the whole of the campaign, and a large assembly of officers of all degrees being present, the King said that a council of war must be held to deliberate upon what was to be done; and some inferior officers having left the tent, as apparently not entitled to assist at the council about to be held, Monsieur remained. The King said to him, 'Brother, you may go and amuse yourself; for we are going to hold a council.' Monsieur feeling much annoyance and mortification that the King, in presence of a great number of officers, should not have judged him worthy to assist at a council at which many subaltern officers were present, retired to his house, and sent for me to the camp, where I was walking about. Upon entering his room, I found him cast down upon his bed with tears in his eyes; he related to me the grievous affront which he said he had received from the King, which he had much difficulty in swallowing, and he talked of withdrawing himself and abandoning the campaign. I was of quite a different opinion; and after having soothed his grief to the best of my ability, I told him that a prince of his age and limited experience in military matters received no disgrace by not assisting at a council of war; that if he would take my advice, he would go to the trenches, which was a more fitting place for him than a council, and would there animate the soldiers to push forward the works; and that by acting thus he would acquire much more honour than by his presence in a tent.

"My advice pleased him, he immediately called for a horse, and taking with him only a single squire who was in attendance at the time, we all three went alone to the trenches. The regiment of the King's guards was on duty, and the works advancing with all speed. The officers of the guards were surprised or startled at seeing Monsieur in the trenches, and some of them even

wished to oppose his passing, on account of the danger for his person, and the punishment which they said the King would inflict on them should any accident occur to his Royal Highness. Monsieur laughed at their opinion, and went to the very bottom of the trench with a bold countenance, and without the slightest embarrassment. After that he sat down in the trench, and got up upon the embankment, animating the soldiers to work both by his words and by the money he gave to them. Every one took an interest in noticing all his actions; and during two hours that Monsieur spent in the trenches, it was remarked that the work advanced more than it had done in the six hours previous to his arrival. Monsieur gave the guards much pleasure by praising them for their zeal, and by assuring them that he would report it to the King. After having done all he could to display his intrepidity, Monsieur retired and returned to the King's quarters, where the latter was at table with many of the lords of his army. The moment his Majesty saw Monsieur, he asked him where he came from. Monsieur answered, that as he was fully aware that, ignorant as he was of the art of war, he could be of no use at his council, he had done what he thought most befitted him, and had gone to the trenches. And he then proceeded to give an account of all, mixing it with many praises of the officers and soldiers of the King's regiment of guards, which won him the affection of every one at table. His Majesty replied, They will soon give you the name of *sac-à-terre*.

"Marshal Duplessis, who was much displeased at not having been the first to conduct Monsieur to the trenches, made great complaints of it, and having learned that I was the only person with him, he concluded that he had taken this step through my advice. He always owed me a grudge for it, and I have always believed that the occasion was seized to injure me with the King. However, from the very next day, Monsieur was called to the council, and it was through this means that henceforward he continued to assist at the council of despatches as it is called."

Cosnac had thus sowed with his own hand the seeds of the signal disgrace which soon overtook him. Louis XIV. did not take the trouble to strike the blow himself, but he allowed the intrigues of the Palais Royal to do their work. The Bishop of Valence had taken part openly for Madame against the Chevalier de Lorraine. His devotion to this Princess knew no bounds; we have already quoted a singular proof of it; but it remains yet to be seen to what a point of degradation a Bishop could descend in order to fulfil his part of a faithful courtier. Let us listen to his own words, and bear in mind at the same time that he is actually proud of what he did.

"The Chevalier de Lorraine had fallen passionately in love with one of Madame's maids of honour. His attentions to this girl prevented him from paying his court to Monsieur as much as the latter would have wished. Besides, this love affair began to be talked of. Monsieur had tried in vain to put an end to it. After many efforts, however, he succeeded, and it was settled that the girl should retire into a convent at Paris. Madame had heard nothing about it till the moment for putting this plan in execution; Monsieur had never apprised her of the girl's dismissal, which she learned only from common report. It appeared rather strange to this princess that one of her maids of honour should be removed, and herself ignorant of the cause. She went, therefore, to see the girl while she was preparing to leave the Palais Royal, to endeavour to find out from her how she had received this order, and what might be the cause of it. As soon as this girl saw Madame, she began throwing herself at her feet, and imploring her protection and pardon if she had been guilty of any thing to displease her. Madame declared that she had nothing to say to the order she had received, neither had she been acquainted with it; which consoled the girl much, who had believed that Madame had contributed greatly to her misfortune; in fact, Madame had been mixed up in it without her knowledge.

"Madame having retired into her own apartment, and much taken to heart this secret which had been concealed from her, endeavoured with some ladies then

in attendance to discover the cause of the girl's disgrace. Madame de la Baume, mother of the Count de Tallard, now a marshal of France, suggested to her, that if she desired information, she could obtain it by means of the chests and boxes of this girl, which were to be taken to the convent, and that doubtless they would find in her *cassette* some letters or memoirs which might furnish her with the necessary information. She added, that Madame had a perfect right to act thus, since it was a kind of injury to her to be left in ignorance whether the girl deserved this affront, or whether she was innocent. Madame embraced this advice, and after the girl was gone, means were found to detain her *cassette*.

"During all that passed on this occasion I was absent from Paris, having been obliged to go to St. Germain. The *cassette* remained in Madame's hands, who, thinking that she could not place it in safer than in mine, awaited my return in the evening. Having related to me all that had taken place, I took the liberty to say that it appeared to me that this *cassette* should not have been carried off by force; that Madame ought to have asked the girl for it, and on her refusal, to have stopped it, its being a question of her honour and interest to know the cause of the injury she had received, and if she could not obtain justice, to demand it of the King that the wrong done to her and to her maid of honour might be repaired. Madame gave me the *cassette*, and charged me to give her an account of the contents. I spent the whole night in reading more than two hundred letters of the Chevalier de Lorraines, of which many were very disadvantageous to the reputation of this girl; others injurious with respect to Monsieur, and insolent towards Madame. I retained a dozen of the worst, and such as might tell most to the prejudice of the Chevalier with the King and Monsieur. . . . I then reported to Madame, and having shewn her the letters I had reserved, and which she wished me to keep, I told her that it was my opinion that the *cassette* should be shut up again and sent to the girl at the convent, as if it had been found in the hands of some thief who had taken it away. . . . The stratagem was not very refined; but having succeeded in the object in view, its success was considered of but little importance. The girl, on seeing her *cassette*, exclaimed in a transport of joy, 'Ah, here is my *cassette*!' and said she had cried all night at having lost it. She was very discontented upon opening it to find that those which she knew to be the most important letters had been withdrawn. After a useless search, she sent word to the Chevalier de Lorraine. . . . After every means had been tried to find and recover these letters without effect, it was concluded that it was I only who could have advised the measure of breaking open the *cassette*. And this was the motive employed to procure an order for me to retire from Paris."

The Bishop of Valence remained then the depositary of these unhappy letters. Monsieur had dismissed him from his house; he was obliged to sell his office of almoner to that Prince, and, upon an order from the King, in sadness to take again the road of his diocese. But the souvenirs of the court pursued him in his retreat, and he kept up an active correspondence with Madame. This Princess desired to recover the letters of the maid of honour, to *make use of them* against the Chevalier de Lorraine; the deposit was too precious to trust to the post. Madame's wishes (at least, so says Cosnac,) were sufficient to decide him to brave the King's orders, and to return to Paris, after making a great circuit. Unfortunately for this zealous servant, he fell sick; and the physician whom he sent for having betrayed his secret to Louvois, the King and his minister got up against him a system of persecution intended to prevent him for the future from meddling with the affairs of princes without the consent of his sovereign. We cannot enter upon an account of all the tribulations he endured. It is sufficient to say that he was arrested under the pretence that he was a coiner of false money; and when he claimed as a Bishop the respect of Louvois' agents, they feigned not to believe him. He was consumed by fever, guards watched over him in his room, and it was then that he imagined the ludicrous expedient to get rid of these important papers, for which he is celebrated by St. Simon and his readers.

Freed from this heavy care, he abandoned himself to his fate with more resignation. It appears, from Cosnac's account, that every attempt to detect something scandalous proved ineffectual. Enough, however, had been done, and the lesson was judged sufficient; besides, if it had been prosecuted further, Louvois risked a troublesome affair with the clergy.

"Proper reparation was made to me for the injury done me. The general agents for the clergy were sent to me to express their regret for the state in which I was, and at the same time to tell me that the King had given orders to release me. . . . I remained, however, of the same opinion [Cosnac had previously refused to leave his prison till justice had been done him]; I maintained that life was nothing, and honour before all. I fainted in their presence. M. de Louvois having been informed of this (as I have since heard), he sent the physician to see me, and to engage me by the most convincing motives he could use, to leave the prison."

Cosnac once more felt his advantage, but Louvois was not clumsy enough to allow him to profit by it; and nothing now remained but to procure for him the means of meditating at leisure upon the consequences of his adventure.

"I consented to come out, and I was immediately placed in a carriage. . . . As early as four in the morning I was roused by a gentleman in ordinary of the King, who gave me a *lettre de cachet*, commanding me to retire to l'Île Jourdain, four miles from Toulouse, to remain there until further orders."

We omit the fits of fainting, and all the bitter mortifications and perils of the journey; the poor Bishop loves to dwell on these sad details. He is no less prolix in the enumeration of the *ennuis* of his residence of twenty-eight months at l'Île Jourdain. "I found here," he sorrowfully exclaims, "but one dwelling where I could lodge; it was a public-house." Nevertheless, Cosnac turned his compulsory residence in Languedoc to account, by concluding the marriage of his niece with the rich heir of the house of Aubeterre. In whatever distresses he found himself, he never forgot his own interests, or the interests of those belonging to him.

Madame, however, was now dead; and his principal ties with the court broken. The King thought it time to release him, and soften his condition by sending him back to his diocese. He even adroitly held out hopes to the prelate of the possibility of a reappearance at court.

"The King caused a second letter to be written to me in answer to the one I had had the honour of addressing to him, in which his Majesty said, 'That in every thing disagreeable which had happened to me, he had had no other share than having suffered it; and that I was therefore at liberty to retire to my diocese upon the first notice which had been sent me.' I was enchanted with this answer, and it was perhaps one of the things in the world which gave me the greatest pleasure I ever experienced."

[To be concluded in our next.]

Reviews.

The Words of a Believer. By the Abbé F. de Lamennais. Translated from the French. London, Clarke.

"If you ever happened," says the author of the memoir prefixed to this work, "to enter one of those regularly-built houses which form the Rue de Rivoli, and to find yourself face to face with a little man, buried in a large blue-patterned dressing-gown; if you saw this personage so frail of body, with visage pale, emaciated, and bearing the profound stamp of suffering and of resignation; if you saw him almost troubled at your look, raising from time to time toward you an eye timid and shrinking, speaking with a voice so weak that it scarcely reaches your ear, cowering from time to time on himself, as if plunged in a deep meditation, and looking within, pulling on and off his shoe as if to keep himself in countenance, or plunging his fingers incessantly into a large snuff-box,—you would have some difficulty in recognising, under these unimposing appearances, one of the greatest agitators of our epoch, a priest who stirs the masses without any other lever

than his pen, without any other aid or weapon than his ardent soul, and whose pages, scattered through the world, have excited as many storms as formerly the fulminating bulls of Gregory VII., the factious theses of Luther, or, in our own day, the wild harangues of O'Connell."

Thus the writer before us describes the personal appearance of the too-famous Abbé de Lamennais, of one whose fall from the faith was bitterly mourned by some of the noblest spirits of France, and who now, we truly believe, notwithstanding all the influence he still retains, is destined to be forgotten before the term of his natural life is concluded. Robert Félicité de Lamennais was born at St. Malo, in June 1782, in the same Rue des Juifs in which Chateaubriand first saw the light. He was descended from a family which was engaged in trade, and had been ennobled by Louis XIV. When very young, he lost his mother; and his father, absorbed by the cares of commerce, and by the state of his affairs, which were ruined by the forced loan and the captures of the Spaniards, abandoned him almost entirely from an early age. Thus brought up without knowing the restraining influence of either father or mother, young Lamennais early shewed the characteristic features of his mind, a thirst for knowledge, a petulance of temper, and an aversion to discipline. He would endure the teaching of no one but an old housekeeper, who stood to him in the place of his mother, and who at length succeeded in enabling him to read. When about nine years old, he learnt the rudiments of Latin from his elder brother; but, with his usual vehement independence, speedily rejected his tutorship, and determined to complete his knowledge of the language by studying the dictionary alone. At any rate, he read, or thought he read, Plutarch and Livy at twelve years old.

About this time he was put under the charge of an uncle who lived in the country. The old man, not knowing how to manage him, shut him for days together in his library.

"This library had two compartments: the one contained all the supposed dangerous books, heterodox, philosophical, and others,—it was called *Hell*;—entrance into it had been forbidden to the young Félicité, who, for the very reason that he was prohibited to set foot in the so-called hell, rushed into it all the more boldly, reading everything that came into his hands, eagerly devouring J. J. Rousseau at an age when children are amusing themselves with top or ball, and forgetting his breakfast to follow, in his mystical excursions, Malebranche carried away on the wings of imagination, that mad haunter of the study."

The effect of his studies, accompanied with a correct moral life, led him to conclude, at the age of twenty-two, that he had a vocation for the ecclesiastical state. His father opposed his wishes; and for a time young Lamennais taught mathematics in the college of St. Malo.

"It was about this time," says the memoir, "in 1807, that he published a translation, full of unction and of grace, of the *Guide Spirituel*, a little ascetic book of Louis de Blois. In the following year, 1808, appeared his *Reflexions sur l'Etat de l'Eglise*. This book, the first cry of war uttered by Lamennais against religious indifference, is distinguished by a bitterness of words, and a vigour of thought, both carried to exaggeration. The philosophical materialism of the last century is there treated with a remarkable energy of anger and disdain; though the political colour was the glorification and the apology of even despotic power, the imperial police took offence at some bold ideas on the renovation of the clergy in France, and seized the work. Soon after, in 1811, Lamennais took the tonsure, and entered into the seminary of St. Malo. The book entitled *Tradition de l'Eglise sur l'Institution des Evêques*, which appeared in 1812, was commenced there by Lamennais in concert with his brother, the superior of the seminary; it was finished under the shades of La Chenaie, a little isolated domain on the border of a wood between Dinan and Rennes, where Lamennais often came at a later period to forge new arms to combat that which then he defended. The work in question, which is distinguished by great erudition, was intended to refute the opinion of the Abbés de Pradt, Gregoire, and Tabarand, who pretended that the election of bishops had no need to be confirmed by the pontifical sanction."

In the beginning of 1814 Lamennais came to Paris. Shut up in an obscure chamber in the Rue St. Jacques, he prepared to welcome the Bourbons; and he wrote

vehemently against the fallen Napoleon. When the hundred days arrived, he fled from France, in fear of the conqueror, and took refuge in England. He found a home in the house of the Abbé Caron, of Rennes, who at that time kept a boarding-school in the neighbourhood of London. Here he remained, teaching the boys, for seven months. Returning to Paris, he entered the monastery of the Feuillantines, and subsequently the seminary of St. Sulpice. St. Sulpice, however, was too rigid for his tastes, and he returned to the Feuillantines, whence, in 1816, he went to Rennes, to be ordained priest. On his return, in 1817, he published the first volume of his celebrated *Essay on Indifference*. The admiration and the sensation it created were immense. Its reception and its principles, open and latent, will be best learnt from the work of his friend Lacordaire, *Considérations sur le Système Philosophique de M. de Lamennais*.

The second volume, published two years later, excited a considerable diversity of opinion both in France and at Rome, to which the author repaired, to lay his book at the feet of Leo the Twelfth. On his return to France, the coming storms of the revolution agitated the mind of Lamennais. He was rapidly becoming disgusted with the Ministry of Charles the Tenth, and at the same time learnt to dislike more cordially the principles of Gallicanism, which he attacked in his work, *La Religion considérée dans ses Rapports avec l'Ordre, Civil et Politique*. On account of this book he was prosecuted by the Government, defended by the celebrated advocate Berryer, and condemned to pay a fine of thirty-six francs. It was but one year before the revolution which placed Louis Philippe on the throne that he published his *Progrès de la Révolution, et de la Guerre contre l'Eglise*; and when the new dynasty was brought in, he set on foot a political and religious journal, whose object was the hastening on that happy consummation which he believed to be close at hand. In conjunction with the Abbé Gerbet, with Lacordaire, and with Montalembert, he established the *Avenir*, in September 1830, as an organ of Catholic interests in the new order of things. His chief coadjutors in the work still remain faithful to their principles, theological at least, if not political. No names are more honoured among the sincere Catholics of France than those of the pious, fervent, and philosophical Gerbet, the eloquent, ardent, brilliant Lacordaire, and the noble, chivalrous, and self-devoted Montalembert. In such men as these is the best hope of their country amidst the storms which threaten her on every side; while he who was once the most forward and the most influential of the original band of friends, has proved himself the enemy of the faith he once upheld, and one of the most dangerous and the wildest dreamers of republican France.

The success of the *Avenir* in certain classes was immediate and complete. Its tone and language were such as to arrest attention, even when they failed to convince the judgment.

"Your power is departing, and faith is departing with it," it said, addressing the Church; "do you wish to save them? Unite them both to humanity, such as eighteen centuries of Christianity have made it. Nothing is stationary in this world; you have reigned over kings; those kings have enslaved you. Separate yourselves from kings, offer the hand of fellowship to nations; they will sustain you in their robust arms, and what is better, with their love. Abandon the ruins of your ancient grandeur, thrust them away with your foot as unworthy of you."

As might be supposed, however, such sentiments produced a perfect storm of fear, doubt, and condemnation, among a large portion of the Catholic world. We shall not now enter at any length into the events which followed upon the publication of the journal, and which led to its ultimate relinquishment. We have already referred to the proceedings of its writers, in our sketches of the Abbé Lacordaire, and it is enough now to say, that what then took place proved a test of the real character and principles of Lamennais, and that the free-thinking element in his mind speedily began to develop itself, and to bear its melancholy fruits. In 1834, he published the little work of which a translation is now given to the English public, the *Paroles d'un Croyant*. The sensation it

aroused was startling. Audacious, original, very able, profane, and almost blasphemous, yet animated with a sort of distortion of the spirit of Christianity, it astounded the minds of those who had not penetrated into the depths of its author's mind. It was very soon condemned by Pope Gregory XVI., and Lamennais threw himself into the arms of the unbelieving portion of France. His later publications, with the exception of three volumes, which appeared in 1840, under the title, *Sketches of a Philosophy*, are all devoted to a fierce, headlong, and almost ferocious enunciation of the principles of ultra-democracy. The author of the memoir before us thus sums up his own opinions on the tendency and spirit of his last productions:

"That the ascensional movement of human things, that the illimitable development of industry and of intelligence, that the teachings of the past, that the agitations of the present, that all this is the sure presage of a social transformation; that a larger mass of intelligent individualities has naturally for result a more equal distribution of political rights; that the middle class, the special depository at the present time of general interests, must one day open its ranks to the people, and blend itself with them in a grand and beautiful social unity; that, in short, pure democracy will ultimately arrive at power,—all this is a logical thought, a thought common to all the men of the epoch, from St. Simon to Chateaubriand, from Béranger to Lamartine. But that the people, such as it is at present, or rather such as Lamennais understands by the people, that is, all those who have no property, all those who are ignorant, should be suddenly called to possess and to exercise at once a governmental action; that the sovereignty of the people, which can only be a self-conscious sovereignty, should become the sovereignty of brutal force and of numbers, this is a system which appears to us as false in principle as it is fruitful in disastrous results. Besides, does not this middle class, which Lamennais so furiously charges with monopolising all social rights, continually recruit itself from the ranks of the people? Do we not every day see the workman becoming a master, the artisan a proprietor? Does the origin of the great barons of the counting-house go so very far back into the night of time? and can the absolute equality which Lamennais demands so ardently be anything else than the free co-operation of all for the benefit of all, the faculty given to each of being all he can be? Not that we pretend that this faculty, which is recognised as a right, exists as a fact in all its plenitude; not that we are disposed to overlook the obstacles of every kind which arrest the ascensional movement of those who possess superior talents; but, nevertheless, the field is open to all, and an abyss divides the difficult of to-day from the impossible of former times.

"In short, Lamennais seems to us to have missed his mark by shooting beyond it;—the people is not, assuredly, another word for extreme misery and extreme ignorance; the people is, the farmer, the artisan, the soldier, the tradesman, the advocate, the physician, the artist, all engaged in industrial pursuits—all the world. Let a government be called *monarchy* or *republic*—the sovereignty of the people will never be the sovereignty exercised by all on all, but the sovereignty delegated by a *competent* majority to one or more, to be exercised for the interest of all. Social supremacy is not an affair of figures; it is not a numerical fact, or an obtrusive saliency: its main features are obedience and order; and the worst of all tyrannies would be that of an unintelligent majority, if such a thing were possible. Thus, then, when Lamennais, carried away by a feeling not blamable in itself, cries to the *prolétaires*, 'Arise, count your oppressors! You are a thousand to one; the government belongs to you!' the illustrious writer thinks he is preaching democracy, when he is simply playing the demagogue.

"The last political productions of Lamennais bear the stamp of a fierce irritation. The little book entitled *Le Pays et le Gouvernement*, is a veritable appeal to arms, a summary of whatsoever furious has been written in the revolutionary journals since 1830. This book, which was submitted to the verdict of a jury, entailed on the author a year's imprisonment. Lamennais, who was one of the audience during the trial, had the vexation of seeing the public prosecutor employing against his actual doctrines no other arms than his anterior doctrines, destroying him radically by means of himself, and displaying before the court a veritable chaos of contradictory phrases, always formulated with the same exaggeration, the same violence of language. I saw the great genius Lamennais return from this trial, quite crushed down; I heard him declare that he knew no punishment equal to that of a man exposed to the gaze of the public, torn in pieces by his own hands, and overwhelmed under the weight of his own arguments."

We have devoted so much of our space to the career of Lamennais himself, that we have little left for a de-

tailed account of the work now presented to us in an English dress. In a word, it is an exposition of two ideas only, in a vast variety of forms. In allegories, parables, declamatory sentences, dreams, litanies, reveries, dialogues, and so forth, Lamennais expounds, or rather inculcates, two notions; the one, the tyranny of kings, and the curse they have been to the human race; and the other, the universal fraternal love taught by the religion of Jesus Christ. Throughout the whole there reigns a wild, unearthly, fearful spirit, partly benevolent, partly diabolical, partly well-intentioned, partly reckless, haughty, cruel, and blood-thirsty. Genius, and a wonderful fertility of ideas and command of language, are conspicuous in every page; and we cannot be surprised at the effect these rhapsodies produced on a people like the French, at a period such as that in which they were first given to the world. Amongst ourselves they will be looked upon by some with interest, by some with admiration, by some with amazement, by some with horror, but, we think, by very few with anything like sympathy and cordial regard. We are almost in doubt whether to give our readers any such extracts as may give a correct idea of the real nature and spirit of the book, as there is so much that may shock the Christian mind, and startle those who are not familiar with the character of Lamennais' writings. It is, however, so desirable that we should all know the nature of the elements which rage and storm in the conflict about us, that at the risk of repeating much that is melancholy and sad to see, we shall quote a few of the most characteristic passages from what are, by a daring misnomer, called "*The Words of a Believer*." The following occurs very soon after the commencement of the book:

"Lend your ear, and tell me, whence comes that noise, confused, vague, strange, which is heard on every side.

Place your hand upon the earth, and tell me why it has trembled.

Something that we know not is stirring in the world. God is in labour.

Is not every one in expectation? Does not every heart beat?

Son of man, mount up to the heights, and announce what thou seest.

I see on the horizon a livid cloud, and round about it a red gleam, like the glare of a conflagration.

Son of man, what more dost thou see?

I behold the sea lifting up its waves, and the mountains shaking their peaks.

I see the waves changing their course, the hills tottering, and filling up the valleys in their fall.

Son of man, what more dost thou see?

I see whirlwinds of dust afar off, and they are moving in every direction and crashing, they mingle in wild confusion. They pass over the cities, and when they passed, the plain alone remains visible.

I see the nations rising in tumult, and kings growing pale under their diadem. War is between them, a war to the death.

I see a throne, two thrones broken to pieces, and the nations scatter the fragments thereof upon the ground.

I see a people combating as the Archangel Michael combated against Satan. The blows that it strikes are terrible; but it is naked, and its enemy is covered with a thick armour.

Oh, God! It falls; it is struck down dead. No, it is only wounded. Mary the Virgin Mother covers it with her mantle, smiles upon it, and carries it away for a brief time out of the combat.

I see another people struggle without ceasing, and gain each moment strength in and for the conflict. This people has the sign of the Christ upon the heart.

I see a third people, on whom six kings have placed the foot; and every time that it makes a movement six daggers are struck into its throat.

I see on a vast edifice, at a great height in the air, a cross which I scarcely distinguish, because it is covered with a black veil.

Son of man, what more dost thou see?

I see the east, which is much troubled. I see its ancient palaces falling, its old temples mouldering into dust; and it lifts the eyes as if to seek other grandeurs and another god.

I see towards the west, a woman, with proud eye and serene brow; she traces with firm hands a slight furrow, and wherever the ploughshare passes, I see human generations arising who invoke her in their prayers and bless her in their songs.

I see in the north, men all whose remaining heat is concentrated in their head and intoxicates them; but Christ

touches them with his cross, and their heart commences to beat again.

I see in the south, men weighed down under I know not what malediction; a heavy yoke oppresses them, they march with their heads bent to the earth; but the Christ touches them with his cross, and they stand erect as men.

Son of man, what more dost thou see?

He does not reply: let us speak again.

Son of man, what dost thou see?

I see Satan flying, and the Christ surrounded by his angels and coming to reign.

And I was carried into ancient times, and the earth was beautiful, and rich, and fertile; and its inhabitants lived happily because they lived as brothers.

And I saw the serpent creeping in the midst of them; he fixed on many his powerful glance, and their soul was troubled thereat, and they approached, and the serpent spoke in their ear.

And after having heard the words of the serpent, they arose and said, We are kings.

And the sun grew pale, and the earth took a funeral hue, like that of the winding-sheet which wraps the dead.

And a hollow murmur was heard, a long wail, and every one trembled in his heart.

Verily, I say unto you, it was as on the day when the abyss broke through its barrier, and the deluge of great waters burst forth.

Fear went from cottage to cottage, for palaces were not yet; and Fear said to every one secret things which made him shudder.

And those who had said, We are kings, took a sword and followed Fear from cottage to cottage.

And there passed there strange mysteries; chains, and tears, and blood were there.

Men, terrified, cried out: Murder has again appeared in the world. And this was all, because Fear had chilled their soul and paralysed the movement of their arms.

And they permitted themselves to be loaded with fetters; themselves, and their wives, and their children. And those who had said, We are kings, dug, as it were, a great cavern, and there they shut up the whole human race, as beasts are shut up in a stall.

And the tempest chased the clouds before it, and the thunder growled, and I heard a voice which said, The serpent has conquered a second time, but not for ever.

After that I heard nothing but confused voices, laughter, groans, blasphemies.

And I perceived that there was to be a reign of Satan before the reign of God. And I wept and I hoped.

And the vision which I saw was true; for the reign of Satan has been accomplished, and the reign of God will be accomplished also; and those who have said, We are kings, shall be shut up in the cavern with the serpent, and the human race will go forth from it; and this will be for man as another birth, as a passage from death to life. Thus let it be."

Another of the visions, which are the author's most favourite vehicle for the embodiment of his sentiments, will shew both the mode in which he views the history of the human race, and the suffering it has undergone, and also that peculiar species of Christian phraseology and distorted Christian ideas which he mixes up with the wildest of his denunciations.

"I had seen the evils which happen on the earth; the feeble oppressed; the just begging his bread; the wicked elevated to honours, and swelling with riches; the innocent condemned by iniquitous judges, and his children wandering beneath the sun.

And my soul was sad, and hope deserted it at every point, as if quitting a broken vase.

And God sent upon me a profound sleep.

And in my sleep I saw as it were a luminous form standing near me—a spirit whose sweet and piercing look penetrated to the depth of my most secret thoughts.

And I started—not from fear, nor from joy, but from a feeling which was an inexpressible blending of the one and of the other.

And the spirit said to me—Why art thou sad?

And weeping I replied—Oh! see the evils which are on the earth.

And the celestial form began to smile—a smile ineffable; and this word came to my ear:

Thy eye sees nothing except through the deceitful medium which human creatures call time: Time is for thee only; there is no time for God.

And I was silent; for I comprehended not.

Suddenly the spirit said—Look!

And though there was thenceforth for me neither before nor after, yet, in the same instant, I saw at once that which

men, in their language—so feeble and so faint—call past, present, and future.

And all that was only one; and yet, in order to tell what I saw, I must re-descend into the bosom of time: I must speak the language, so feeble and so faint, of men.

And all the human race appeared to me as a single man.

And that man had done much evil, little good; had felt many sorrows, few joys.

And there that man was lying in his misery on the sometimes frozen, sometimes burning ground; and he was worn, hungry, suffering, and overwhelmed by a weariness only varied by convulsions; and he was loaded by chains forged in the dwelling of demons.

His right hand had put chains upon his left, and his left hand put chains upon his right; and in the midst of his hideous dreams, he had so rolled himself in his fetters, that they covered and grasped his whole body.

For when they but touched him, they clung to his skin like boiling lead; they entered into his flesh, and fixed themselves there.

And this was man: it was easy for me to recognise him.

And behold a ray of light shone from the east, and a ray of love from the south, and a ray of force from the north.

And these three rays blended on the heart of that man.

And when the ray of light shone, a voice said—Son of God, brother of Christ, know what it behoves thee to know.

And when the ray of love shone, a voice said—Son of God, brother of Christ, love those whom thou art bound to love.

And when the ray of force shone, a voice said—Son of God, brother of Christ, do what it is thy duty to do.

And when the three rays were blended together, the three voices were also blended together, and formed only one single voice, which said:

Son of God, brother of Christ, serve God, and serve Him alone.

And then that which had previously seemed to me only one man, appeared to me as a multitude of peoples and nations.

And my first look had not deceived me; neither did the second deceive me.

And those peoples and those nations, awaking on their bed of agony, began to cry:

Whence come our sufferings, and our weariness, and the hunger and thirst that torment us, and the chains which bow us down to the earth, and enter into our flesh?

And their intelligence opened, and they perceived that the sons of God, the brothers of Christ, had not been condemned by their father to slavery, and that this slavery was the source of all their woes.

Each one tried to break his fetters; but he found himself unable to break them.

And they looked at each other with a great pity, and, love stirring within them, they said to each other: We have all the same thought—why should we not all have the same heart? Are we not all the sons of the same God, and the brothers of the same Christ? Let us work out our salvation, or die together.

And having thus spoken, they felt in themselves a divine force, and I heard their chains snap, and they combated six days against those who had shackled them, and the sixth day they were victorious, and the seventh day was a day of rest.

And the earth, which was dried up, grew green again, and all were able to eat of its fruits, and to go and to come without any one saying to them, Where go ye? Here no one is allowed to pass.

And the little children gathered flowers, and carried them to their mother, who smiled sweetly upon the children.

And there were neither poor nor rich, but all had in abundance the things they needed, because all loved and aided each other as brethren.

And a voice like the voice of an angel resounded in the heavens, saying—Glory to God, who has given intelligence, love, force to his children! Glory to the Christ who has rendered liberty to his brethren."

Nothing is more striking in these pages than the alternations of sentiment, and the mingling together of principles eternally adverse, which they incessantly present. Nothing but the recollection of what Lamennais once was, and of the deep, lingering hold which such ideas as he once advocated retain even upon those minds which struggle to cast them off, can account for the singular union of good and evil which some of his fragments present. For instance, after some hideous, melodramatic exaggeration of the crimes of kings, we light upon some such graceful, sweet, and tender passage as the following:

"It was a winter's night. The wind blew without, and the snow whitened the roofs.

Under one of these roofs, in a confined chamber, were

seated, labouring with their hands, a grey-haired woman and a young girl.

And from time to time the aged woman warmed her pale hands at a little fire. A lamp of clay gave light to this poor dwelling; and a ray from the lamp fell feebly on an image of the Virgin suspended on the wall.

And the young girl, lifting her eyes, looked in silence for some moments on the grey-haired woman; then she said to her, You have not always been so destitute.

And there was in her voice an inexpressible softness and tenderness.

And the grey-haired woman replied, My daughter, God is the master ruler; what He does is wisely and righteously done.

Having said these words, she was silent for a moment; then she renewed her discourse:

When I lost your father, it seemed a grief that nothing could console; yet you remained with me; but I felt only one thing then.

I have since thought, that if he lived, and saw us in distress, his heart would break; and I have felt that God had been merciful toward him in taking him away.

The young girl replied not, but bowed down her head; and some tears, which she tried to conceal, fell on the work which she held in her hand.

The mother added, God, who was good toward him, has been good toward us. What have we lacked, while so many others were in need of everything?

It is true we have been obliged to accustom ourselves to live on a little, and to gain that little by our labour; but is not that little sufficient for us? And have not all been condemned from the beginning to live upon their labour?

God, in his goodness, has given us daily bread. And how many have it not! He has given us a roof to shelter us, and how many know not where to lay their heads!

My daughter, He has given you to me; what, then, have I to complain of?

At these last words, the young girl, full of emotion, fell at the knees of her mother, took her hands, kissed them, and, weeping, threw herself on the bosom of her mother.

And the mother, making an effort to give vigour to her voice, said, My daughter, happiness does not consist in having much, but in hoping and loving much.

Our hope is not for the things here below, neither is our love; or if it be, it is but passingly.

Next to God, you are all to me in this world; but this world vanishes like a dream, therefore my love rises with you toward another world.

When I carried you in my womb, one day I prayed with unusual ardour to the Virgin Mary; and she appeared to me during my slumber, and she seemed with a heavenly smile to present me a little infant.

And I took the infant which she presented me; and whilst I held it in my arms, the Virgin Mother placed on its head a crown of white roses.

A few months after, you were born, and the sweet vision was always before my eyes.

Thus having said, the grey-haired woman shuddered, and she clasped the young girl to her heart.

Some time thence a holy soul saw two luminous forms mount toward heaven, and a troop of angels accompanied them, and the air resounded with their songs of gladness."

Such is this strange, unearthly, and fearful book. None but a Frenchman, and none but one who had once been animated with the ideas which formerly received the homage of the intellect of Lamennais, could have given such a production to the world. Such as it is, in this country it will be rather a source of curiosity than of mischief; and perchance may awaken in the minds of some a hope and a prayer that one in whom there still lingers so much that is attractive and praiseworthy, may be brought, now that grey hairs are hastening upon him, to see to what he has fallen, before his day is gone for ever.

A Brief Review of the Arguments alleged in Defence of the Protestant Position. By F. A. Paley, M.A.

MR. PALEY writes energetically, heartily, and acutely; while, whatever his opponents may say to his conclusions, few of them will charge him with overstepping the bounds of Christian charity. His deductions are not directed against any of the forms of genuine Protestantism, but are an *argumentum ad hominem* to the disciples of the Oxford school of Theology. We learn that two of the newspapers have in consequence refused to advertise the book!

The Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

COLLECTIONS of pictures, such as that which has been recently opened by the Governors of the British Institution in Pall Mall, have generally a twofold effect on the progress of art. Their influence is both injurious and beneficial. It is beneficial, because they communicate a certain definite amount of actual knowledge of the advance of art at particular periods, and enable many hundreds of professional artists and amateurs to see with their own eyes the works of those great lights of other days with which they have been hitherto acquainted only in books; but it is also injurious, inasmuch as the acquaintance they thus convey is frequently so limited as to be practically unfair and deceptive. Every body knows that in common life there is no falsehood more complete than partial truth, when that which is partially true is supposed to be universally true. And so also painting: it constantly happens that the most mistaken notions of the real merits or demerits of a master or school are conveyed to the inquiring student simply because the specimens which he is enabled to examine are so ill-chosen or so few in number, that he runs away with the most absurdly exaggerated notions of their real character and value.

Few persons, we think, who are at all familiar with the remains of the chief artists of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, as they still exist in the churches and galleries of Italy, will hesitate in agreeing with us, that some such false impression as that which we have described may very possibly be the result of the series of ancient masters now gathered together at the British Gallery. Laudable as has been the intention, and excellent the plan, of the Governors of the Institution in bringing so interesting a collection before the eyes of the untravelled lovers of art, we cannot but fear that while the few who already know something about the matter will gain a material accession of fresh and valuable knowledge, the many will learn but little of the true grandeurs and graces of the works of the remarkable men who flourished during the infancy and youth of the pictorial art. The collection, though more numerous and perfect than we had anticipated, is yet so far from giving any thing like a true impression of the characters of the various schools, from Cimabue to Raffaele, that while some scores of determined medievalists will turn up their eyes in rapture at every little, stiff, quaint, and gilded figure which greets their gaze, some hundreds, we fear, will turn up their noses with sentiments very far from those either of an intelligent ecstasy or intelligent admiration.

Just at present there is nothing so difficult as to meet with a *reasonable* man in all that concerns antique and Christian art. Every body runs wild in one direction or another. Some few are stark, staring mad in favour of any thing that looks ugly and grotesque, and abhor almost the names of Raffaele and Michel Angelo. Nothing will go down with such observers (we cannot call them critics) unless all the limbs are distorted or placed in impossible postures; unless the corners of the mouths of saints and angels are screwed downwards, as if the most penitential of all exercises was the singing of the praises of Almighty God; and unless the laws of perspective, linear and aerial, are set at nought as palpably as the anatomical facts of the human frame. Others, equally if not still more prejudiced, have a mania for flowing lines and pyramidal compositions, and count all the centuries before the sixteenth as mere ages of barbarism, and would no more dream of looking upon Correggio or Titian as un-Christian painters than they would think of bringing back the feudal system.

Hence it will probably be found that the present Exhibition will rather confirm a host of prejudices than form any large number of enlightened students. The real characteristics of the older masters may remain as now, an unknown mystery; and there will be nothing for those who cannot travel and investigate for themselves but the rhapsodies of one school of writers, or the inane frivolities and scholastic prejudices of another.

We fear that the collection will but result in similar effects to those which have so often been produced by the Perugino and the Francias in the National Gallery, the former of which has disgusted many a looker-on with the very idea of the ancient artists, while the latter have led a good many enthusiastic admirers to believe that Francesco Francia was the most divine of all painters, and that the churches of Italy swarm, or swarmed, with masterpieces of equal beauty.

We say all this, not in the least degree as depreciating the intrinsic merits of the new Exhibition, but by way of warning to such of our readers as may visit it, not to suppose that it is in any sense of the word a complete, or even an extensive, series of examples of the real state of the art of painting as cultivated by the elder artists of Italy and the Netherlands. The latter country, indeed, is more fairly represented than the former; for though the actual number of pictures of the old Flemish schools is small, yet they are, on the whole, a more fair specimen of the degree of perfection attained by the northern painters than the more numerous examples of the schools of the south.

Of the great painter of the thirteenth century, there are two pieces in fresco; and unfortunately as they are damaged and faded, and rent as they are from their original positions, being nothing more than small pieces of large pictures, it is impossible, even in these mutilated fragments, not to recognise the unrivalled genius and skill of their wonderful author. That Giotto must be ranked with Raffaele and Michel Angelo is, indeed, a conviction which will grow until it is received as an assumed truth in the annals of painting. That his actual performances will bear a moment's comparison with those of his subsequent rivals is, of course, not to be maintained for an instant. His astonishing powers are to be seen by a comparison of what he was with what his predecessors and successors were. The eye that could see, the mind that could conceive, and the hand that could execute with such originality, dramatic truth, correctness of form and expression, and vigour of handling, as are displayed even in these little dirty-looking, faded pieces of fresco, could have belonged only to one of those great men who appear at rare intervals in the history of our race. At the same time, we trust that no one will imagine that these two pictures are any thing like adequate specimens of Giotto's genius.

Still less should Beato Angelico be judged by the "Ascension of the Virgin," or the "Salome dancing before Herod" (51 and 75). Neither the one nor the other is at all equal to many of the illustrious Dominican's works as preserved in Florence, or to his wonderful "Coronation of the Virgin" at Paris. The former of the two, in the present collection, is manifestly one of his earlier paintings; the drawing, composition, and expression, are all less satisfactory than in his real masterpieces, though here and there the countenances shew tokens of that exquisitely spiritual and simple truth which renders his best paintings the most perfect renderings of the spirit of Christian devotion and love to which the painter's pencil has ever given birth. The "Salome before Herod" is not very pleasing in subject, and certainly is one of those which were least adapted to the tone of thought and personal feelings of the painter. As an illustration of what he did towards advancing the theory and practice of his art it is, however, interesting, though but small in size.

A striking picture, "The Salutation" (53), is ascribed to a monk of a very different character, though of great pictorial genius, Fra Filippo Lippi. The work is very fine—broad, vigorous, and expressive; so expressive, indeed, and chaste in conception and sentiment, that we should hardly recognise the peculiarities of the master to whom it is attributed.

A drawing of one of the Prophets from the Sistine Chapel (60), is attributed to Michel Angelo. Its authenticity, we should suspect, is more than doubtful. The same may be said of two drawings (59 and 74) ascribed to Raffaele. At any rate, their value lies almost wholly in their name. Not so with a chalk drawing (80), by Raffaele, representing the "Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and St. John," from the Crozat Gallery. This is a truly beautiful example of grace and

sweetness; and if any works of the period were to be admitted into the present limited collection, well deserved to appear as a worthy example of the prince of painters.

Two long, procession-like paintings, by Ubertini, Raffaele's fellow-pupil under Perugino (50 and 54), from the history of Joseph, shew that Perugino did not create Raffaele. They retain all the faults of the day, and possess few of its beauties, though they are rich in colour and varied in grouping and posture. As pictures of sentiment, they are inferior to many of the works of the time.

Lorenzo da Credi is worthily represented by his "Coronation of the Virgin" (55) and the "Nativity" (99). The pictures have also a peculiar interest, from the manifest traces they display of the transition in many important features in the art which characterised the period of their production. The contrast between the elaborate grace, colouring, and finish of the saints and angels of the former of the two, and the naturalness, breadth of drawing and colouring, and portrait-like individuality of the figure of Joseph in the latter, is as interesting as it is striking.

The genius, Raffaellesque tendencies, and genial warmth and beauty of Domenico Ghirlandajo, are hardly displayed with adequate force in the "Holy Family" (105), though the picture is pleasing. Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, in 57, the "Virgin and Child and St. John," has a beautiful group, recalling forcibly the treatment of the subject immortalised by Raffaele, and shewing the universality of the influence of the great Roman artist.

Near the last-named painting is an illustration of the quaintness, naturalism, vigour, and ugliness of the Flemings as compared with the Italians. The "Crucifixion," by Lucas Cranach (56), displays all his wonted power and oddities. The picture is full of figures, but far from pleasing or truthful.

A more agreeable example of old Flemish art is Heinbinc's Portrait of Himself (61). Hard, laboured, and severe as are the portraits of the period, especially among the northern artists, they are redeemed and brought within the class of true and interesting pictures by their singular delicacy of execution and literal exactness of feature. Though almost all of them wear that traditional look of discomfort, physical rather than mental, which has been succeeded, after an interval in which truth and nature prevailed, by the traditional smirk of modern days, yet their singular fidelity of idea, and purely objective treatment, contribute to render them worthy of a high rank in the records of the art. Such a work is the Portrait of Sir Thomas More's Father (62), by Holbein, which, though harsh and austere in sentiment, and so far differing from the ordinary run of the master's works, is yet a speaking picture, instinct with individuality. Such another also, though in an inferior degree, is Quentin Matsy's Portrait of a Man and Woman (88), in which the vigorous faithfulness of the pencil, following up a microscopic observation and correctness of the eye, impart to that which is really a mere copy of the outside of life a degree of that spiritual vitality and beauty which is attained in its perfection only by those portrait-painters whose aim is to depict the mind in the countenance.

The grandeur and magnificence of the earlier Italian colourists and portrait-painters find a noble representative in Gentile Bellini's Portrait of the Doge Cristoforo Moro (84). This countenance is in profile, with the bare cold cap and semi-ecclesiastical costume of the period. Of the art and trick of later schools, the picture has none. The portrait is simply a man, and such an one as we are wont to imagine to ourselves when we think of the proud, unscrupulous, despotic old lords of the Adriatic. Such men *were* once in Venice; when shall we see their energies again, without their vices?

Giovanni Bellini has, in the Head of a Youth (68), a fine and richly coloured picture, which, if it has not all the completeness of painting and art which characterised the school of Venice in its most palmy days, is more than an anticipation of the coming splendours of the time.

Of all the portraits in the Gallery, however, the most remarkable is a nameless Head of a Lady (100), assigned to Sandro Botticelli. A more singular instance of the power of truth, apart from all those appliances of colour, light, and shade, on which the painter so much depends for the vigour and impressiveness of his portraits, it would be perhaps impossible to name. The handling is so slight, that were it not for other distinctive points, one might fancy the picture only half finished. The countenance itself is almost beautiful, and bears marks of being a most faithful portrait of a lady of the blood of the north of Italy. A simpler, more unpretending profile can scarcely be conceived; yet such is the poetic and animated effect of the *mind* which speaks in all the features, that the painting puts to shame the vast majority of the most elaborate productions of the pencil.

The progress of the mere art and knowledge of colouring is shewn in four figures of "Cherubim" (to call them by the name which the painter chose to give), by Domenico Campagnola. They are most unangelic; but as naïve, lively, and finely-coloured studies of sporting boys, they are well worth examination and study.

Vasari, the historian of art, whose lot it was to write so much better than he painted, has three pictures, "Faith" (72), "Hope" (82), and Portraits of Petrarch, Dante, and other Italian Poets (110). The first two are as trashy specimens of the artist-author as need be seen. The third is above his average productions; and though far from a first-rate picture, has yet more real animation and a better style of composition and colour than is usual with Vasari. It is an interesting and valuable record of a few of the great stars of Italian poetry.

A portrait of Pico of Mirandola (108) is without the name of any painter. As a picture, it is fine and truthful; but its authenticity as a portrait of the Crichton of Italy is to be questioned, if there be any truth in the laws of phrenology.

Daniel di Volterra's head of the Madonna (112) is a masterly work, but not very profound or spiritual in its idea. The sufferings of the Mater Dolorosa appear rather in the sombre tints of the picture, and the adoption of the common traits of sorrow in the features, than in any of those delicate and mysterious touches with which the great artist expresses the depth of human suffering. A similarly external view of a religious subject is seen in the "Virgin and Child and St. Catherine" (107), by Bonvicino il Moretto. There is much that is pleasing, harmonious, and sweet, in the composition and treatment; but it is commonplace and secular in idea, and speaks ill for the advance of art in the seventeenth century.

A striking and curious example of Van Eyck's great powers is to be found in the "Virgin and Child" (76). Though not a fair specimen of the artist's average style of painting, its excessive smallness preventing the display both of his genius and his faults, it is a most interesting and delicate picture, while the painting of the rich Gothic tracery which surrounds the figures seems a hundred years in advance of the architectural pictures of the time. Of the vigour and expression attained by miniature-painters of a later date, the "Marriage-Feast" (72), by Giulio Clovio, is a valuable proof. The picture requires and deserves a minute examination.

The Gallery contains many more curious works, especially of the earlier period of the art, which we have not mentioned, but which will well repay inspection and reflection on their characters. It has also several good works of the modern Dutch and English schools, which we have not specified. The Gainsboroughs and Wilsons, among our countrymen's pictures, are peculiarly fine and interesting. The reputation of both of these two men of great and now unquestioned genius will rise the higher for every such public exhibition of their productions.

Les Splendeurs de l'Art en Belgique. Texte par H. G. Moke, Ed. Fétis, et A. Van Hasselt. Illustrations par Hendrickx et Shoobant. Publié par les soins de M. Charles Hen. Bruxelles, Meline; London, Barthès and Lowell.

In one respect Belgium is at this moment the most attractive country upon the continent. She alone is not suffering from any revolution—past, present, or coming. She alone, like England, is quiet. She alone is a place where honest folks can live as they like in peace; and buy and sell, and publish books, and look at pictures and statues, as they were wont to do before the reaction against the old despotisms set Europe in a blaze. She alone has been so fortunate in her sovereign and in her population, as to know the advantages of regular, orderly, progressive change—when it can be had—over sweeping destructions, and abolitions of every thing that has proved liable to abuse and corruption.

Accordingly Belgium is almost the only spot from which the lover of art and literature, whether sacred or secular, may hope to see any thing new proceeding for many a day to come. It is one of the worst effects of these rotten old systems of government, which are now going to pieces in the political storm, that by enslaving and debasing the great mass of the people, they render them incapable of managing any steady, gradual reform. Nothing less than revolution is, for the most part, possible or practicable. Hence, when the hour does come, the social system is nearly shattered to its foundations, during the application of the violent remedy which alone can rescue it from utter destruction. Every occupation of life must be well-nigh suspended. Trade, commerce, art, education, and almost religion herself, must succumb before the violent measures that are called for to save the perishing state.

Thus we see, just now, that every thing but politics and fighting is paralysed through the civilised portion of the European continent. The chariot-wheels of society have come to a dead lock. There is nobody to buy, nobody to read, nobody who can afford to amuse himself. Nothing flourishes except the newspaper; while of this there is such an astounding multiplication, in its every form, that the new journals will ruin as many people as they serve to support, from the sheer and almost physical impossibility that they should all find a sufficient number of readers.

We must be thankful, therefore, to find any thing like a new book on non-political topics turning up any where out of Great Britain. We count ourselves fortunate in seeing a handsomely got up volume, like that now before us, even though its solid pretensions be not very great, if only it be tolerably well executed, and accomplish all that it promises. And we need not hesitate to say that "*The Splendours of Art in Belgium*" does all this. It does not aim at being more than a guide-book of a rather high and critical order. It takes the various provinces of the kingdom *seriatim*, with the cities and towns which art has most favoured with her presence, and gives a kind of *catalogue raisonné* of their most remarkable contents of all kinds, with notices, biographical and descriptive, of the great artists who have been born or flourished within their walls. And this is not done in the mere showman's or bookmaker's spirit; the authors who have combined to write the letterpress know what they are about, and write with cordial and intelligent interest in their subjects, and with that distinctness and definiteness of criticism, which proves a previous familiarity with the spirit of art; and an acquaintance with its essential elementary laws. We do not find, indeed, in their remarks upon the pictorial wonders of their country, any thing very much above the average of continental criticism; but still we fear that an English publisher, who wished to bring out a richly illustrated volume on the architectural, sculptural, and pictorial splendours of art in this country, would find considerable difficulty in combining so much good sense, cultivated reflection, and graceful execution, as may fairly be said to characterise the *Splendeurs de l'Art en Belgique*.

The illustrations themselves are very fair, consisting principally of woodcuts of various sizes, the larger of the number being chiefly copies of several of the most famous pictures of the Belgian churches and galleries.

They present a very favourable specimen of the condition of Belgian woodcutting, occasionally displaying a remarkable union of force and delicacy.

The more ambitious parts of the work are the lengthened remarks on the illustrious Flemish painters and their chief works. Every nation having its own peculiar style of criticism, its own mode of viewing a picture, its own tests of true beauty, its own defects and its own peculiar merits, the study of a foreigner's remarks is ever useful, when they are in the least degree above mediocrity, and the result of a man's own thought, and not the mere stringing together of a series of cant phrases and unreal raptures. It is, indeed, one of the most unfortunate obstacles in the way of the progress of English art, that as a nation we are utterly ignorant of what is said, thought, and done in continental countries. We rush through their territories, gaze and stare about us, find rapid fault, or patronise with equally rapid and superficial praise, and return to our smoke and our firesides at home without a notion of what is really said, thought, and done by the actual existing men and women who are living in the habitual presence of the glories of art which we have vouchsafed to admire. We do not trouble ourselves to find out what other people think on all these things, or care for what they write, unless they come to England and write books about us and our possessions, or unless we want to make a book of our own for the supply of the home-market.

It is, indeed, incredible to what a length our ignorance of the best foreign writings on art extends. To this day we are without translations of almost all the standard books of continental artistic criticism and history. Not only are such books as Rumohr's great work, from which every one draws so largely, as Rosini's now complete *Storia della Pittura*, or Rio's poetic and beautiful volume (still unhappily a fragment), or Marchi's work on the Catacombs (now cut short by the expulsion of the Jesuits from Rome)—not only are such treatises as these still untranslated, but they are in the hands of very few of that vast class of amateurs and students who ought to possess them, and who are capable of thoroughly appreciating their high merits, and of drawing from them those very stores of knowledge and reflection which would act more powerfully upon the condition of English art, than a thousand of the ephemeral schemes now daily broached and daily failing amongst us. Who would believe, were it not a fact, that no version of Vasari has yet been given to the English reader?

The remarks on art, in its principles and details, which are scattered over the profusely illustrated volume now before us, are not indeed such as would be worth giving to the public in an English dress, but still they are good in their own way, and serve to make us regret once more that we still continue so blind to the treasures of thought and information which lie, buried to us at least, in the libraries of the continent. We can only say, in conclusion, Let us hope for better days.

Journal of the Week.

June 23.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—In the House of Lords last night, Lord Stanley asked whether the communication intrusted to Count Mirasol by the Spanish Government had been subsequently tendered by the Spanish Minister here, or Secretary of the Embassy, or any other person, to the British Government, and received by them; and whether, if so, it would be laid before Parliament?

The Marquis of Lansdowne said, that after diplomatic relations between this country and Spain had ceased, no further communication was received from the embassy, or could be received.

The Criminal Law Consolidation Bill, No. 2, was then read a second time, and referred to a select committee.

The Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill was also read a second time, after a division.

The Report on the Evicted Destitute Poor (Ireland) Bill was brought up, and agreed to after considerable discussion.

In the House of Commons, after a long and profitless discussion on the interview which had taken place between Lord John Russell and the Irish members on the reduction of the

differential duty on rum, the debate on the West Indies was resumed.

Mr. Gladstone made a long and characteristic speech, full of facts and opinions, difficult to reconcile with each other, and leading to a hesitating conclusion. He dissented from the proposition of the Government in many respects, but must still admit that it had been influenced by a desire to benefit all parties. As a measure of relief to colonial distress, the measure was open to objection, and as a measure of finance it was open to objections altogether insurmountable. No vote which he should give that evening would yield him satisfaction. He objected to the proposition of reducing the duty on colonial sugar from 14s. to 13s. a cwt. this year; but he could not go to the length of opposing the Speaker's leaving the chair, for he should then appear to be objecting to any modification or alteration of the sugar duties. He must therefore vote in favour of the amendment of Sir J. Pakington, but in so doing he must explain his own views, lest he should be supposed to entertain the opinions of that gentleman as to the administration of relief to the West Indies. He then condemned the financial portion of the measure, which he asserted would lead to a serious loss to the revenue. The compensation in labour was as much part of the bargain made with the West Indies for the abolition of slavery as the 20,000,000*l.* which we had paid them in money. They were entitled to continue the apprenticeship system for six years after the passing of the Emancipation Bill, and yet we had compelled them to put an end to it at the expiration of four years.

Mr. Wilson replied to Mr. Gladstone. He said that he had listened with much interest and no little surprise to the speech of Mr. Gladstone, who, after taking many objections to the measure of Government, had concluded by declaring his intention to vote in favour of the amendment of Sir J. Pakington. Mr. Gladstone objected to the mode in which Government dealt with protection, and yet did not venture to propose to increase it. He also objected, not to the loan which Government proposed to make, but to the application of it. Now, Mr. Wilson contended that there was no other mode in which it could be made so applicable to the present distress in the West Indies in the present crisis, as by applying it to providing a supply of labour by immigration. He also maintained that the objections of Mr. Gladstone to it as a financial measure were unfounded, and that Government had borne in mind the interests of the revenue on one hand, and the interests of the consumer on the other.

The debate was then adjourned till this day.

Mr. C. Buller then obtained leave to bring in four bills for the amendment of the Poor Laws. The first was a "bill to alter the provisions relating to the charges for the relief of the poor in unions, and the mode of payment thereof, and to provide for the relief of the poor in extra-parochial places;" the second, a "bill to make provisions for the payment of parish debts, the audit of parochial and union accounts, and the allowance of certain charges therein;" the third, a "bill to amend the law for the formation of districts for the education of infant poor;" and the fourth, a "bill to authorise the payment of superannuation allowances to officers engaged in the administration of the laws for the relief of the poor;" to be read a second time on Friday next.

A meeting was held on Wednesday of the friends of the Pestalozzian School, Islington, and to witness the examination of the children. The school is an attempt, partly successful, to introduce the system of Infant Schools among the middle classes.

—The *Times* has the following paragraph: "A statement having appeared in a morning cotemporary to the effect that Mr. Palgrave, scholar of Balliol, had joined the Church of Rome, we are requested, on unquestionable authority, to contradict the same."

—A deputation of Irish members waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer yesterday, on the subject of the proposed reduction of the differential duty on rum. Sir Lucius O'Brien handed the Chancellor of the Exchequer two resolutions which were adopted on Wednesday at a meeting of the Irish members. The first set forth that, in the opinion of the meeting, the reduction of the differential duty on rum would be ruinous to the distilling interest of Ireland, and thereby injurious to the agriculturist; the second called for a change in the Excise regulations regarding the mode of charging duty on British spirits at the "worm's end," instead of when the spirits were taken out of bond for consumption, as was the case with the West India spirits. The deputation left with the impression that the duty would be reduced to sixpence, and not to fourpence, per gallon.

—At a crowded meeting of the Irish Confederation on the 21st many of the former members of the Repeal Association earnestly disclaimed Mr. J. O'Connell's opposition to the union

of Young and Old Ireland. It was also stated that he intended now to retire into private life, an announcement which was received with the loudest cheers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The accounts from Prague are horrible. Prince Windischgrätz, whose wife and son have both fallen by the hands of the insurgents, published a proclamation on the 17th, to the effect that those who wished to leave the town should do so at once, as he intended to bombard it from the fortresses on the heights, but those who wished to fly were forcibly retained by the Czechish insurgents. Some men, Count Leo Thun the head of the Provisional Government among the number, escaped in women's clothes. The bombarding commenced on the evening of the 16th inst. One street was fired, and the houses in several other streets fearfully demolished. The firing was to continue on the 17th if the insurgents would not capitulate, and the position of the town is such that the artillery from the heights can easily destroy it to the last stone. It would, however, appear that this last extremity has not been resorted to. The *Vienna Gazette* of the 17th inst. contains a telegraphic despatch by the Ministerial Commissioners at Prague to the Minister of the Interior to the effect that Prince Windischgrätz had resigned his office, which was confided to Count Menzdorf; that the restoration of order is hoped for, and that the bombardment has ceased.

The most atrocious cruelties were committed by the Czechs, especially during the first days of the combat. They cut off the noses and ears of the soldiers whom they took alive, and murdered them after having thus tormented them.

Twenty-six Hussars were thrown into the Moldar, and a stationer who served in the National Guard was taken by the Czechs and crucified on the door of his house.

—The French National Assembly is making progress in the settlement of its Ecclesiastical affairs. The Committee discussed on Tuesday for three hours the important question of the election of Bishops. M. Isambert proposed that they should be chosen by the people, and adduced a number of facts derived from the history of the primitive Church in favour of his opinion. The prelates of Orleans, Quimper, and Langres combated the ideas of M. Isambert. M. de Tinguy advocated the election by the diocesan clergy, whilst M. Gavarret wished all Catholics to participate in it. Messrs. Espinasse, Arnaud, and Vivien declared against the introduction of any change in the mode of election of Bishops, and the great majority of the committee concurred in their opinion.

—In consequence of some observations made upon Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte by Captain Goudchaux, of the Republican Guard, the latter was challenged by M. Napoleon Bertrand. The parties met on Wednesday, and fought with sabres. Captain Goudchaux was severely wounded in the forehead.

—*La Liberté* states that the Executive Government has decided on the abandonment of the Marquesas Islands, which cost France so much blood and treasure. A brig has been ordered to prepare to sail to these islands to bring back the French garrison, and to offer Queen Pomare a residence in France. It is believed that the Queen, at present accustomed to French manners, would quit her primitive kingdom without regret, and would establish herself in France, with her court and those of her subjects who would consent to follow her fortunes.

June 24.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—In the House of Lords last night Lord Kinnaird asked whether the Government had received from their Minister at Berlin certain papers connected with the late transactions in the duchy of Posen. His object was, to take the best means of disproving some grossly false statements which had appeared in the press of this country, principally copied from the German press, imputing acts of great cruelty to that unfortunate people the Poles.

The Earl of Harrowby observed that he believed very gross misrepresentations had been made respecting the conduct of the Polish people, and he was glad the Noble Lord had brought forward this subject, as an opportunity was thereby afforded for the expression of opinion.

Lord Fitzwilliam then moved the following resolutions with respect to Ireland:—1. That it is incumbent upon this House to express the approbation with which it has viewed the wisdom, energy, and prudence with which the Executive Government of Ireland has been conducted during the recent period of difficulty. 2. That it is equally the duty of this House to express the deep sorrow with which it continues to view the prolonged distresses of many classes of the Irish people, and the regret which it feels that the measures passed in the concluding session of the late Parliament for the improvement of Ireland have not hitherto been productive of the benefits which were anticipated from their enactment. 3. To express the decided opinion of this House that further legis-

lative measures are required for remedy of the evils under which Ireland labours, for the development of its natural resources, and for the improvement of its agriculture and commerce.

Lord Lansdowne, on the part of the Government, opposed the resolutions, which were negatived without a division.

In the House of Commons the chief part of the evening was consumed in the adjourned debate on the West Indies. Mr. Miles supported Sir J. Pakington's amendment; Mr. Hawes defended the Government plan in an elaborate speech; Lord G. Bentinck replied to Mr. Hawes; and after a violent altercation between Lord J. Russell, Mr. Disraeli, Lord G. Bentinck, and Mr. Hawes, on the subject of Lord G. Bentinck's charge against Lord Grey and Mr. Hawes of suppressing an important paper in the Colonial Office, the debate was again adjourned.

—The Glasgow Town Council, at a meeting held on Thursday, the 22d instant, resolved, by a majority of 19 to 15, to petition Parliament in favour of Mr. Hume's motion for Parliamentary reform.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The intelligence from Paris is most alarming. The workmen were assembling, and had declared their intention to proceed with a petition to the National Assembly in immense numbers. The Government had made all possible preparations to repress disorder, for it was feared that the people, who already on Thursday had displayed a disposition to violence, would provoke a collision with the armed force. Yesterday morning at half-past eleven o'clock barricades were formed at the Porte St. Denis and Porte St. Martin. The armed force interfered, and a collision was deemed imminent. The *générale* was beaten, but the rioters broke the drums. The shops on the Boulevards were all closed.

An express, despatched from Boulogne at 4 o'clock this morning, states that the mail-train from Paris at 7, due at Boulogne at half-past 2, had not arrived; and that reports had reached Boulogne of a serious collision, attended with great loss of life, having taken place between the military and the *outriers* in Paris yesterday afternoon.

The election of a colonel for the Second Legion of the National Guard of Paris, in place of M. Clement Thomas, resigned, terminated on Tuesday afternoon, after a second ballot, by the election of General Rapatel, one of the general officers placed on the reserved list by M. Arago.

—The following is the draft of the new Sicilian Constitution, which has, at last, been presented to the Chambers: "The Roman Catholic religion is declared to be the religion of the state, to the exclusion of all others. The king shall be obliged to profess that religion; and should he change it, he is to be considered as having forfeited his throne. The King of Sicily shall not wear any other crown. The sovereignty of the nation is to reside in three distinct powers—legislative, executive, and judiciary. The legislative power is to be fixed in the Parliament exclusively. The Parliament is to be composed of two chambers, the Peers and Commons. The number of Peers is fixed at 120. The number of the Commons is to be regulated by an electoral law. The Parliament will assemble at Palermo on the 12th of every January. The King may convoke a Parliament for extraordinary occasions. Every Parliamentary session to last three months. The King may dissolve the Parliament, but the Members of the Parliament so dissolved may be re-elected. In case of such dissolution the King shall be bound to summon a new Parliament within six months. The power to propose new laws is to belong to either Chamber. Any bill imposing taxes must be first submitted to the Commons. The National Guard is an institution essentially constitutional. It is to be organised by a special law. The freedom of speech and of the press is secured by law. The abuse of this right to be punished by a special law."

The Minister for Foreign affairs had informed the Sicilian House of Commons that the British Consul had communicated to him despatches from his Government, stating that it would recognise the independence of Sicily the moment the country should have chosen a King from among the Italian princes of the reigning families. The Minister had received from the Sicilian agents in Paris a similar assurance on the part of the French Government.

—The *Risorgimento* announces that the Provisional Government of the Republic of Venice had decreed the suppression of the Assembly. General Durando arrived at Ferrara on the 16th, with the garrison of Vicenza, consisting of 9,920 men. Padua and Treviso had likewise capitulated, and the entire of the Italian troops had retired on Venice.

—More tranquil accounts have arrived from Prague. The city has capitulated, the insurgents have given fourteen hostages, and Prince Windischgrätz, who had resumed the command again, has marched into it at the head of the troops.

—The Prussian Ministry is again in confusion, M. Camp-

hausen, the Prime Minister, having resigned, on account (it is said) of the want of confidence in the Ministry shewn by the King.

June 26.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Paris is once more in the flames of a bloody contest, and the republic shakes to its foundations before the consequences of its economical fanaticism.

On Thursday, the assemblages and the movements in groups of the workmen of the *ateliers nationaux* manifested a disposition of a threatening character, and the close of the day did not witness the termination of the excitement and agitation. In the night-time the assemblages remained undispersed, and it is said that some patrols of the National Guard were disarmed. On Friday morning, at nine o'clock, the *rappel* was beaten in the districts of all the legions of the National Guard, and at eleven o'clock it was that veritable sound of alarm, the *générale*, that summoned the National Guards to arms. A force of an imposing nature was concentrated in the morning and during the day about the National Assembly. It seems that the evening before, the Executive Committee and the President of the Assembly had been made aware that the leaders of the movement, who for some days past had kept up a secret agitation amongst the workmen of the *ateliers nationaux*, intended to organise for Friday an armed insurrection in the most populous quarters of the city, in order to effect the overthrow of the Government, and the dissolution of the National Assembly.

On Friday morning, the President of the Assembly directed the *rappel* for the National Guards to be beaten in all the *arrondissements*. The whole of the Executive Committee assembled at the Presidency of the Assembly, and in concert with M. Senard, the President, there confided the command in chief of all the military force to General Cavaignac, Minister of War, with authority from that moment to adopt every measure he might deem necessary to oppose the insurrectionary movement which was in course of preparation. General Cavaignac consented to accept these powers, but he insisted upon not being thwarted in respect to the orders he might issue, and upon being at liberty to issue them without control, taking the whole responsibility of his acts on himself. The movement commenced at the Place de la Bastille, where the first assemblage of workmen was formed about nine o'clock in the morning. From thence the crowd, consisting already of from 600 to 700 persons, proceeded along the Boulevards to the Portes St. Martin and St. Denis, raising cries of "Down with the National Assembly," "Down with Lamartine," "Down with Ledru-Rollin," "Down with Marie," "Long live the Republic, democratic and social."

At 10 o'clock, the barricades began to be formed at the Portes St. Martin and St. Denis. About 2000 persons debouched by the faubourgs with the banners of the *ateliers nationaux*, having at their head leaders recognisable by blue caps with gold lace; and among them were men wearing the uniform of the Republican Guard. On reaching the Porte St. Denis, this body commenced pulling up the pavement, and tearing down the iron railings along the ascent leading to the Rue de Cléry, and destroyed the drum of a drummer who was beating the *rappel*, and who only escaped himself by taking refuge in the Restaurant de l'Œil-de-Bœuf, on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle.

At 10 o'clock an omnibus was seized, and, the horses being taken away, was used in barricading the Porte St. Denis; two cabriolets and a water-carrier's cart were next taken and employed in constructing a second barricade in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, where a third barricade was also formed. At this time, among the barricades on this boulevard, in front of the Rue Mazagran, a number of children and women were observable, the latter exhibiting great animation; the men of the barricades entered the houses and demanded arms. At noon the National Guard debouched by the Rue de Cléry, and a brisk firing began; one man was killed, while other persons, and among them a woman, were wounded. The killed and wounded were carried off by the men of the barricades. M. Roger (du Nord), formerly deputy, rode to the spot by himself, dressed in his uniform as Chef de Bataillon of the National Guard. Some of the persons assembled manifested an intention to disarm him and to force him to quit his horse, but he boldly resisted their attempts, arrested one of the individuals, and directed the National Guard to join him. A man, who levelled his piece at M. Roger, who during the whole of this scene exhibited great coolness and presence of mind, was slain and fell dead at his feet. At this moment the firing of musketry was heard at different points at once. It was not before 1 o'clock that the troops of the line arrived from St. Denis, and up to that period the only force engaged in the conflict was the National Guard. At 1 o'clock a battalion of Light Infantry arrived with General Cavaignac at its head, and followed by a battalion of the Garde Mobile. The firing had

now ceased to a great extent; only some isolated discharges being heard. About the same time the artillery arrived.

At 2 o'clock all the shops were closed, and the Place de Grève occupied by a detachment of the Republican Guard and by troops of the line. Three barricades were made in the Rue de Deux-Ponts, and in the streets leading to the Parvis Notre Dame, and guarded by numerous and formidable bodies of men, who were all armed. The Palais de Justice and the Prefecture of Police were occupied by troops of the line, by the Republican Guard, and the Garde Mobile. All the different floors of the Palais de Justice, at the angle of the Quai de l'Horloge, were occupied by the Garde Mobile. The Louvre and the Tuileries were closed and occupied by the National Guard. The approaches to the National Assembly were guarded by troops of the line and by the Garde Mobile. On the Place de la Concorde strong pickets of dragoons were stationed, as well as several batteries of artillery.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock a brisk fusillade took place at the Pont St. Michel and at the Pont de l'Hôtel Dieu. The artillery made several discharges. The killed and wounded were very numerous.

The National Guard at a quarter past 4 o'clock debouched by the quays, and the men of the barricades fled at their approach.

A numerous deputation of the Polytechnic School, headed by their commandant, and followed by a detachment of the National Guard, debouched on the Quai de l'Horloge, on their way to the National Assembly. The assemblages of people were here dispersed by a smart fall of rain, which also had the effect of stopping the fusillade. The barricades of the Pont Neuf were abandoned, and destroyed by the National Guard.

The fusillade, as well as the sound of cannon, again commenced about half past 4 o'clock. The first barricade was constructed across the Boulevard near the Porte St. Denis, which, with the houses situated at the corners of the adjacent streets, formed a complete system of defence. Other barricades, to the number of nine, were successively erected in the Rue St. Denis and in the other streets in the immediate vicinity. The third battalion of the 3d legion, which first reached this point, attacked the insurgents without hesitation, and took the barricade, but it was unable to get possession of the houses, whence the insurgents kept up a destructive fire upon the National Guard. General Lamoricière, who commanded the troops assembled before the hall of the National Assembly, marched out at once, and, accompanied by M. Roger (du Nord), chief of battalion, and M. Heecheren, a representative, proceeded towards the Porte St. Denis by way of the Boulevards. The General, before he resorted to force, endeavoured to make the insurgents hear the force of reason, but his addresses were only answered by firing. The troops then successively took possession of all the houses, where many persons were arrested. It appears that there were found among them several persons tolerably well dressed, one of whom wore a blouse under his *redingote*, and was furnished with money and cartridges to a considerable amount.

The representatives, when they had reached the National Assembly, met in the old Salle des Séances, when they were acquainted by the President of the measures that had been taken in conjunction with the Executive Committee. The orderly officers and different persons came one after another from all parts of the city, and communicated to the representatives all that was going on. Two officers of the Republican Guard, who had been dismissed, were brought into the Salle des Paserpudus. They were marching at the head of a group of workmen in the direction of the National Assembly. They were arrested by the officers of the 10th Legion. They desired to see M. Caussidière, who went out to speak with them. During this interview they sought to justify their proceedings by saying that they were coming to the Assembly to offer their services, and that they had already made a similar statement to Colonel Hingray, of the 10th Legion. They were arrested provisionally, until their conduct should be more satisfactorily explained. The students of the Polytechnic School, with the staff of the school, came by order of the Executive Committee to offer their services to the National Assembly.

General Cavaignac, with M. Caussidière, the representative of the people, at his side, and followed by his staff and a squadron of dragoons, traversed the Boulevards at 3 o'clock. He was saluted on all sides with the most lively acclamations.

M. Arago, Member of the Executive Committee, quitted the Palace of the Luxembourg at the same time. He was at the head of some detachments of the National Guard, the Garde Mobile, the troops of the line, and two pieces of artillery. He presented himself before a barricade raised at a corner of the Rue Soufflot and the Rue St. Jacques. There he made a conciliatory address, which led to the abandonment of the barricade. The unanimous cries of the populace received M. Arago. Scarcely, however, had the troops of the line and the National Guard demolished the barricade than they were assailed by a

shower of ball from the neighbouring houses. These houses were instantly attacked and entered, and many insurgents were arrested in them. The insurgents had raised barricades in the Rues des Mathurins, St. Jacques, and des Poirées. M. Arago sent artillery towards this point. The barricades were demolished by cannon, and a smart fire was kept up between the troops and the insurgents. A captain of the 7th Light Regiment was killed on the barricade; the company which he commanded has suffered much. Many officers of the National Guard, and many privates of the National Guard, have been killed and wounded. The number of prisoners is considerable. Another barricade was raised at the bottom of the Rue de la Harpe, at the corner of the Rue St. Severin. M. Masson, chief of the 4th battalion, mounted the barricade to persuade the insurgents to retire. Scarcely had he ceased speaking than he fell struck by five balls, as well as two soldiers of the line who were by his side. M. Arago exhausted every expedient to prevent a collision.

Afterwards, at 6 o'clock, M. Arago proceeded to the strongest barricade, that of the Place Cambrai. Here, less fortunate than before, he could not make himself heard. The attack then commenced. There were several discharges of artillery, but the barricade resisted vigorously. Being once taken, it was speedily recovered. At 7 o'clock, M. Arago returned to the Luxembourg.

M. Brujeau and M. Bixio, hearing in the Assembly the disorders which stained Paris with blood, expressed at the tribune their conviction that the members of the Chamber ought to be the first to expose themselves to the fire. "Our place," cried M. Bixio, "is at the head of the National Guard, to prevent bloodshed if possible." Then, borrowing his comrade's tricolor scarf, he darted out. Placed in the front rank of the National Guard, he received a ball in the chest, and it is feared that the wound will prove mortal. Another representative, M. Dornés, editor of the *National*, was wounded in the groin. M. Pierre Bonaparte, son of Lucien, had a horse wounded by a ball by the side of M. de Lamartine.

The Republican Guards, who were seen on the barricades among the insurgents, are those who were disbanded a few days ago, but who have preserved their uniform. The Guards newly organised experienced considerable loss in killed and wounded, and appeared to be animated by a strong feeling against their old comrades, who had joined and commanded the insurgents.

The slaughter in all these conflicts was frightful, but it is impossible to ascertain its extent, as the reports vary from 1000 to 10,000. General Bedeau received a ball in the leg. When the news left Paris the struggle still continued.

— Letters from Pesth state that the insurrection of the Southern Slavonians is proceeding in a dreadful manner. Carlowitz has been bombarded by the Field-Marshal Lieutenant Baron Habrowsky. The town is completely destroyed, and but one smoking heap of ruins. No trace is left of the splendid cathedral and Archducal palace. The insurgents there had mustered about 7000 men, but could not prevail against the artillery, and the manoeuvres of the Hungarian military. They fled after suffering severely. The Bann of Croatia organised the insurrection; in his province alone there is an army of 15,000 well-armed insurgents. By a late decree of the Emperor, the Bann is declared to be a rebel.

— The following appears in a Berlin paper: "Certain information has been received that the march of the Russian army into Prussia will take place within the next few days, by the way of Czenstochow. Pontoons have been forwarded to the banks of the river Prosna, to enable the troops to effect a crossing, and the avenues to the same through Poland are occupied by immense masses of troops. Numerous battalions of Landwehr are ordered to assemble in Upper Silesia; and the fortresses adjoining the Russian-Polish frontiers are to be put in the most perfect state of defence. There is no further intelligence of importance from Schleswig, but a battle is daily expected to take place."

June 27.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.— In the House of Lords last night Earl Grey gave notice that he would to-morrow take the opportunity of making some remarks on what was reported to have taken place elsewhere on the subject of the Colonial despatches.

The Evicted Destitute Poor Ireland Bill was read a third time and passed after a division.

In the House of Commons Mr. Hawes explained all the circumstances under which the mistake as to the despatch of Governor Grey, which he was accused of having suppressed, had occurred. He concluded by challenging Lord G. Bentinck either to withdraw the offensive imputations or to consent to an investigation into his conduct.

Lord G. Bentinck admitted his conviction that Mr. Hawes' statement as to the despatch was entirely correct, but repeated

his assertion that in the late committee the West Indies had not had fair play from the Colonial Office.

Lord J. Russell did not think that Lord G. Bentinck had done justice to Mr. Hawes, and required a more explicit expression of his opinion as to that gentleman's explanation; and Sir G. Grey denied, on the part of Lord Grey, so much of the charges as applied to him. He concluded by regretting that there was not at the head of the present Opposition a man of honour capable of tempering the irregular zeal and ardent excesses of his indiscreet supporters, and of preventing them from damaging the character of the House and the reputation of public men.

The subject then dropped, and the adjourned debate on the Sugar Duties was resumed by Mr. G. Thompson, who considered that the immigration system of the Government must be a failure, and contended that if it were not, it must be a restoration of the old slave-trade under a new name, and be deeply injurious to the colonies in their social relations.

Mr. Bernal declared his preference of the sliding-scale of duties proposed by the Government to that uniform rate of duties which Mr. Gladstone had shadowed out, though rather indistinctly. After a speech, by which he elicited great cheering from the Protectionists, he startled them by the conclusion, wherein he declared that he should vote for the resolutions of the Government because the Government had stood firm on the rum duties, and had not yielded to the seductions of the Irish members.

Sir J. Graham took a review of the legislation of this country with regard to the West Indies and its productions from the time of the Emancipation Act down to the act of 1846. He had given an unwilling support to that act out of deference to the opinion of Sir R. Peel, and from an unwillingness to overthrow the Government which had just succeeded that to which he had himself belonged, and which had pledged its existence on the success of the act which it had introduced. In conclusion he said that he was opposed to reaction. He thought that it was impracticable, and that if practicable it was dangerous. He believed that it was anti-Conservative, and that if it were carried into effect it would be dangerous to all our institutions. He should therefore give his most decided opposition to the amendment, as he considered it to be the first step in the path of reaction.—The debate was then adjourned till Thursday.

The first number of the *Irish Felon* has appeared, and the whole impression was sold instantly. Compared to the *United Irishman* it may be termed gentle, but only in such a comparison.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Parisian insurrection has terminated in the subjugation of the insurgents. On Sunday evening the delay allowed to the insurgents in the Faubourg St. Antoine to surrender having expired without any reply, the operations immediately commenced.

The first barricade was vigorously attacked and carried, but not without considerable slaughter on the side of the assailants. Colonel Raynaud, of the 48th Regiment of the Line, and several other officers, were killed. General Bouquet, of the Engineers, arrived at the Place de la Bastille at 12, with the firemen and a battalion of sappers. Some houses were in an instant blown up, and several barricades thus turned were captured without loss. On some points the insurgents had dug trenches, against which the artillery was unavailable. They fired from within, and, on the approach of the troops, escaped through passages opened in the cellars of the houses. A large body had sallied from the suburb towards noon, entered the island of St. Louis, and formed a barricade on the Pont des Tournelles, which was undergoing repairs. They were there kept in check by troops stationed in the wine-stores on the opposite side, and were placed between two fires. The enclosure of St. Lazare was re-occupied in the morning by the insurgents, who carried away ten small pieces of artillery belonging to the Chateau Rouge, which they loaded with stones and pieces of broken bottles. On the Quay de la Megisserie some ruffians fired from a window on a battalion of troops of the line, and then escaped by a back door in the street. Others were, at the same time, erecting a barricade close by, in the Rue de Bethizy; but a patrol of National Guards dispersed them, and they fled, throwing away their arms. A battery of artillery had been placed on the hill of Montmartre, and measures adopted to prevent the insurgents from gaining possession of that important position.

It appears certain that Count de Narbonne, formerly aide-de-camp of Charles X., and his servant, who were arrested behind a barricade in the act of distributing money to the revolvers, had both been shot in the gardens of the Luxembourg by the National Guards. Forty-four other prisoners were said to have been put to death on the Place de Grève. It was impossible to form an idea of the losses on both sides, but in the opinion of many Paris had not witnessed such a scene of slaughter since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The telegraphic despatches since received are as follows:

PARIS, June 26, 10 o'clock, A.M.—The insurgents, having been driven from their strong intrenchments, are retreating into the country, pursued by the National Guards and the cavalry, who have captured an immense number of them. The insurgents are now only in possession of one stronghold, the Faubourg St. Antoine.

2 o'clock, P.M.—The Faubourg St. Antoine has just been taken. The insurgents are flying into the country. The cavalry and flying artillery are in pursuit of them.

June 28.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—A long debate took place in the House of Lords yesterday, in which Lord Grey defended himself against the charges of Lord George Bentinck. He was replied to by Lord Stanley, who in a degree reiterated the attack of Lord George. Lord Lansdowne defended Lord Grey.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Paris carnage is at length ended, and the wounded and dead are numbered almost by tens of thousands. The President of the National Assembly, M. Senard, gave the following account of the suppression of the insurrection to the members, who sat in permanent session:—On the left bank of the river (he said) all is quiet in and out of the barriers. On the right bank tranquillity is completely restored from the Champs Elysées to the Bastille. The Faubourg du Temple, where the resistance was most obstinate last night, and where the contest was renewed this morning with some intensity, is now completely pacified as far as the barrier. I shall say nothing of the Hotel de Ville: no trace of the insurrection is to be seen around, and the thoroughfares on that side are also clear as far as the Bastille. The insurrection is confined to the Faubourg St. Antoine. Serious facts took place during the night. Between two and three o'clock, A.M., I was waited upon by one of our colleagues, M. Larabit, and four individuals, who described themselves as delegates of the insurgents. M. Larabit informed me of the circumstances under which he found himself engaged in a mission of peace with the Archbishop of Paris and two of our colleagues, Messrs. Galy Cazalat and Druey. M. Larabit penetrated into the insurgent camp. The four delegates were to all appearance sincere men, and I could easily perceive from their language that their comrades were ignorant of the acts of the Assembly. "We do not," they said, "read the *Moniteur*, the *Siccle*, *Constitutionnel*, nor any other serious journal; we read the papers which we purchase for a halfpenny, or are often given to us for nothing." Our colleagues are aware of the tendency of those publications, and with what ideas they inspire the people respecting the National Assembly. Our conversation lasted upwards of two hours. They were the bearers of a declaration or address to the President, in which they claimed a cessation of hostilities. The insurgents stated in their address that they did not desire the effusion of the blood of their brethren, and that they were ready to desist if they were allowed to preserve their rights and titles, and to fulfil their duties as French citizens. Their address was signed by a number of individuals—by Messrs. Galy Cazalat and Druey—and M. Larabit wrote at the bottom that their wishes were so fair and reasonable that they could not be rejected. General Cavaignac and I replied, that if they were anxious to preserve their rights and privileges, and to fulfil their duties as citizens, they should begin by themselves levelling their barricades, submitting at discretion, and returning to the bosom of that democratic Republic which the nation was desirous to establish and determined to maintain. Several copies of the reply were handed to the delegates, who left between 5 and 6 o'clock for the Faubourg St. Antoine. Several other applications were subsequently made to me. One of them constituted an insult to the Assembly. It demanded a full and unconditional amnesty. I replied that nothing but an absolute submission would be listened to. General Lamoricière having, in the mean time, terminated his operations in the Faubourg du Temple, and the division of the Hotel de Ville, now commanded by General Perrot, since Gen. Duvivier was wounded, being also disengaged, it was agreed that they should simultaneously commence the attack on two different points, if at 10 o'clock the insurgents had not made their submission. I proposed to you last night a resolution relative to the transportation of the insurgents taken with arms in their hands. I now submit to you another, to appoint a committee of fifteen members to investigate the causes of the insurrection, and all the circumstances connected with the invasion of the National Assembly on the 15th of May.

This last decree was voted without any discussion, and the first was adopted, with an amendment, excluding Algeria from the transatlantic possessions of France, to which the insurgents are to be transported. The Assembly afterwards adjourned.

At half-past 11 o'clock M. Senard re-entered the hall, an-

nouncing that all was over, and that the Faubourg St. Antoine had surrendered. ("At last, at last," cried a number of voices.) The President, having taken the chair, said, I hasten to apprise the Assembly of the termination of the crisis. An aide-de-camp of the Minister of War has just arrived and communicated to me *vivé* the following intelligence: When the four delegates, who waited on him in the morning, returned to the Faubourg St. Antoine, a lively agitation manifested itself in that quarter. At the hour fixed for the resumption of hostilities, General Lamoricière commenced the attack with vigour, but experienced along the whole of the left line a most obstinate resistance. The Faubourg was, in the mean time, attacked on the side of the Bastille by Gen. Perrot's division. In the course of a few moments an individual, the bearer of a flag of truce, presented himself, and announced that the insurgents surrendered on the terms proposed by the President of the Assembly and by the chief of the Executive Power. (Loud cheers.) The troops immediately moved forward, and when the aide-de-camp left, three battalions had entered the suburb without resistance. The aide-de-camp supposed, from not hearing the fusillade and cannonade, that all was terminated. (Deep sensation.) Particulars are wanting, but it appears certain that the resistance has been conquered, and that we may now thank the Almighty from the bottom of our hearts, and exclaim "*Vive la République.*" All the representatives here rose and joined in the cry.

"And the Archbishop of Paris?" inquired a member; "the Bishop of Langres, M. Parisis, could give us some account respecting his situation." M. Parisis replied, that he had received accounts from M. Colin, the parish priest of St. Louis, and, if he was correctly informed, the prelate, after consulting with General Cavaignac, had presented himself as a messenger of peace to the insurgents: At the same moment the drums beat and two rounds were fired, the one by the insurgents and the other by the army. The Archbishop was shot, not in the arm, but in the back. The ball penetrated deeply; his wound is serious, and fears were entertained for the result of the extraction of the ball. The prelate immediately asked to receive the rites of the Church. The insurgents affirm that the shot was not fired by them, and insisted on obtaining a certificate to that effect. The wound appears to have been occasioned by accident.

The loss of the National Guards and troops was in many places awful. The officers have invariably suffered the most. It is said that the 7th legion of the National Guard Mobile lost 800 men at the attack on the Clos St. Lazare. A private of the 4th legion of the same corps, describing the attack on a barricade in the Rue St. Jacques, said that he left there three-fourths of the legion. He added, that he escaped solely by throwing himself on his face, and he was immediately covered by the men who fell under the fire of the insurgents. "The dead bodies," said he, "were tossed about as paviers throw paving-stones."

The barricades at the barriers of Rochechouart, and, indeed, along the line of the outer Boulevard, were carried early in the afternoon. It was proposed to bring cannon against the barricade Rochechouart. "No," said the National Guards, "we will storm it." "But the loss of life?" "What care we for the loss of life! They (the insurgents) have not spared ours." And it was stormed, and manfully stormed; and defended by ruffians who resisted to the last. The barricade was commanded by M. la Roche, the editor of the journal the *Père Duchesne*. He was summoned by a Garde Mobile to surrender, and having refused, the Garde shot him in the head. At Clignancourt, the troops found a pail filled with turpentine and other inflammable matter, and a syringe, with which it was said the Communists were determined to set fire to the houses in Paris after they had pillaged them.

In the Faubourg du Temple, the (female) keeper of a wine-shop is said to have infused arsenic in the wine she served to the poor soldiers. In the Rue de Helder and in the neighbourhood of Notre Dame de Lorette, well-dressed women were detected carrying ball-cartridges in their baskets. A man feigning to be wounded was carried on a mattress, which was filled with gunpowder and ball, and some hearses were seized which contained powder and ball. A party of dragoons were lured into one of the streets off the Faubourg St. Antoine, and massacred by the monsters who filled the houses of it.

Gen. Negrier, one of the Questors of the National Assembly, is dead. After a sanguinary contest in the neighbourhood of the Hôtel de Ville, he marched by the Quay des Ormes at the head of a detachment of the 24th of the Line, with artillery and a body of the National Guard, in the direction of the Pont Marie and the barrack of the Celestins, which was occupied by the insurgents. The General, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, carried in succession a great number of barricades, and after an obstinate resistance recaptured the barracks, and drove the insurgents from the corn-stores, where they had fixed themselves; then, returning by the Boulevard Bourdon,

he was struck by a ball, at the entrance of the Rue St. Antoine, in front of the great barricade which defended the entrance of the faubourg. General Charbonnel, a representative of the people, was severely wounded beside him."

M. de Girardin, the editor of the *Presse*, has been arrested, and his paper stopped. Several other inflammatory journals are also suspended. The provinces have been tranquil, and have poured their National Guards into the metropolis. At Marseilles alone there has been an insurrection, which was suppressed after some sharp fighting.

June 29.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—In the House of Commons yesterday the order of the day was read for the House resolving itself into committee on the Roman Catholic Relief Bill.

Mr. Goring said, that until there had been a disavowal of the immutability and infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church, the repeal of the statutes which this bill sought to abrogate must be resisted.

Sir H. Willoughby asserted that there were no real practical grievances now existing which could be pointed out as affecting the Roman Catholics of the present day, and thought that nothing could be more absurd than to argue about penalties which in point of fact did not exist.

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd considered it to be a factious course to oppose the motion for a committee on this bill after the repeated discussions which had taken place upon it, both on its second reading and on its being previously committed.

Mr. Newdegate made an ultra-Protestant speech.

After some further discussion, it was decided, by a majority of 102 over 76, to proceed with the order of the day.

The House then went into committee, and great efforts were made to obstruct the progress of the bill. At last, after no progress had been made, Mr. Henley complained that the law officers of the Crown were not in the House, and moved that the Chairman report progress, and ask leave to sit again. This amendment was negatived on a division by a majority of 110 over 106 votes.

After a fruitless discussion, Sir H. Willoughby moved his amendment, which excepted from the operation of the act the importation within this realm of any bull, writing, or instrument from the see of Rome; but after some discussion, which led to no practical result, the Chairman was directed to report progress, and to ask leave to sit again on a future day.

The House shortly afterwards adjourned.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Paris continues in the calm after the battle. General Cavaignac is determined to finish his task well and completely before he resigns the command. He has caused the 8th, 9th, and 12th legions of the National Guard to be disarmed. The 8th comprises the Marais, the 9th the Faubourg St. Antoine, the 12th the Faubourg St. Marceau (the Garden of Plants, the Gobelins, &c.). He did more; he disarmed the National Guards of Belleville and "the Courtille," and the disarmament of the atrocious savages who form the population of La Chapelle. After the legions were disarmed, they were dissolved. Moreover, all the desperadoes who had, almost without danger, been murdering the citizens of Paris and the brave army during four days, will be disarmed; for, being in the ranks of the insurgents, they could not have been with their corps; and an order is issued to disarm every man who had not been fighting against the insurgents.

The *Siccle* gives the following account of the number of wounded conveyed to the hospitals: "There are 120 at La Charité; 190 at the Val-de-Grace; 400 at the Hôtel Dieu;—a far greater number were received in the latter hospital, but many died in the first few hours. There are 90 wounded at Maison Dubois; 78 at La Clinique; 63 at St. Lazare; 500 at St. Louis. General Damesme, who is at Val-de-Grace, has undergone amputation of the thigh. The operation, though a very serious one, offers some chances of success. General Lafontaine is lying at the Hôtel d'Espagne, 69 Rue Richelieu. We have seen his surgeon, who answers for his safety."

The following list of a new Ministry is said to be correct: War, and President of the Council, General Cavaignac; Interior, Senard; Justice, Portalis; Finance, Dufaure; Commerce, Bethmont; Public Works, Baroche; Marine, Billault; Foreign Affairs, General Bedeau; Public Instruction, Victor Hugo.

Miscellaneous.

PENSIONS TO LITERARY MEN.—The following pensions on the civil list have been granted out of the fund set apart for the reward of literary and scientific eminence:—To Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, the eminent dramatic author, 200*l.* per annum; Mr. W. Carleton, the popular author of *Irish Tales*, &c., 200*l.* per annum; Mr. J. C. Adams, the astronomer and discoverer of the planet, 200*l.* per annum.—*Observer.*

LONDON CESSPOOLS.—At the last census in 1841, there were 270,859 houses in the metropolis. It is known that there is scarcely a house without a cesspool under it; and that very many old houses have two, three, and more under them; so that there may be taken to be 300,000 of such receptacles. The exposed surface of each cesspool, taken on an average, measures 9 feet; and the mean depth of the whole is about 6½ feet, so that each contains 58½ cubic feet of filth. The exhaling surface of all the cesspools (300,000×9)=2,700,000 feet, or equal to 62 acres nearly; and the total quantity of foul matter contained in them (300,000×58½)=17,550,000 cubic feet; or equal to one enormous cesspool 10 miles in length, 50 feet in width, and 6½ feet in depth, which would extend through London, from the Broadway at Hammersmith to Bow Bridge over the river Lea—a length of 10 miles. If such a gigantic cesspool of filth were to be seen, it would fill the mind with horror; but, as is shewn above, a vast number of small ones, which, added together, equal it in extent, is dotted all over the town—in fact, it may be said that the ground, in old districts more particularly, is literally honeycombed with the barbarous things. From them a nasty, stinking, pestiferous vapour is constantly escaping, corrupting the atmosphere from one end of London to the other, and creating disease, misery, poverty, and other evils among the inhabitants.—*The Builder.*

NOTICE.

For the convenience of the Trade, a Central Office for the publication of the RAMBLER has been opened at No. 19 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, where Advertisements are received by Messrs. S. and E. J. EYRE until 12 o'clock on Thursday in every week.

AGENTS FOR INDIA.

Calcutta: Colvin, Anslie, Cowie, and Co.; Rosario and Co.
Bombay: Woller and Co.; J. A. Briggs.
Madras: Binney and Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just ready, price 2d., or by post for 4 stamps,

THE PROPHECY of ORVAL, with PROOFS of its AUTHENTICITY.

This remarkable Document, which details in the clearest manner all the Events from the first French Revolution downwards, including those now happening, is exciting the greatest interest on the Continent; and it is known that at the present moment in Paris the greatest surveillance is kept over any person known to possess or propagate the prediction.

London: James Burns, 17 Portman Street.

Just published, price 4s. cloth, lettered and gilt,

THE HOME of the LOST CHILD; a Tale of the Asylum of the Good Shepherd, Hammersmith.

N.B. The profits arising from the sale of this volume will be applied towards the support of the Asylum.

London: C. Dolman, 61 New Bond Street.

This day is published, price Six Shillings,

THE DUBLIN REVIEW. No. XLVIII. JULY 1848.

CONTENTS.

1. Protestant Honesty.—Dr. Wordsworth.
2. The Eastern Archipelago, and the Rajah of Sarawak.
3. An Englishwoman in America.
4. On the Monuments of Nineveh now transferred to the banks of the Seine and the Thames, and the Cuneiform Characters.
5. Tenure of Land in Ireland.
6. Gibbon and his Biographers.
7. The Superstitions of Unbelief.
8. Audin's Henry VIII.
9. Plus the Ninth.
10. Neale's History of the Patriarchate of Alexandria.

Notices of Books.

No. XLIX. will be published on the 1st of October, 1848.

London: Thomas Richardson and Son, 172 Fleet Street; 9 Capel Street, Dublin; and Derby.

Seventh Volume of the Canonised Saints.

PERMISSU SUPERIORUM.

LIFE of ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA, Founder of the Jesuits. Edited by the Rev. F. W. FABER. Vol. I., with beautiful portrait, cloth gilt, price 4s.

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Life of St. Philip Neri, in 2 vols.—Life of St. Thomas of Villanova, and of St. Francis Solano, in 1 vol.—Life of St. Rose of Lima, B. Colomba of Rieti, and St. Juliana Falconieri, in 1 vol.—Life of St. Alphonso Maria de Liguori, vol. 1.—Life of the Blessed Sebastian of Apparizio, in 1 vol.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for JULY

(which is the first of a new Volume) contains among others the following Articles:—A Review of Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second; Replies of Mr. Guest to Sir F. Madden and Mr. R. Taylor; the Cross-staff and Crozier borne by Archbishops; a Defence of Brougham Castle; the Mesnavi of Jelaiddin Rumi; Cripple Gate a Roman Gate of London; the Castle Hill at Thetford (with a Plate). With a Review of New Publications; Literary, Scientific, and Antiquarian, and Architectural Intelligence; Historical Chronicle; and OBITUARY, including Memoirs of Lord Ashburton, Sir Samuel R. Meyrick, Isaac Disraeli, Esq., Rev. Thomas Streetfield, &c. &c. Price 2s. 6d.

Nichols and Son, 25 Parliament Street.

ST. GEORGE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, St.

George's Road, Southwark.—This Church will be solemnly OPENED on TUESDAY next, the 4th inst. Cards of Admission are One Guinea, Half a Guinea, and Five Shillings each: may be had of Mr. George A. White, at the Office in the Westminster Road, adjoining the new Church; or by letter, addressed to the Secretary, M. Forristall, Esq., 13 West Square, St. George's Road, Southwark.

The Clergy are requested to be at the Presbytery at 10 o'clock in the morning, to receive the Bishop pontifically. It is his Lordship's desire that they should appear in Cassock and full Surplice.

SERVICES OF THE OCTAVE.

The solemnities of the Opening will be continued throughout the Octave in the undermentioned order:

On the three days following the opening, there will be Solemn Benediction at half-past 7 in the Evening, with Sermons.

On WEDNESDAY, the 5th instant, by the Rev. Father FABER, Oratorian.

On THURSDAY, the 6th inst., by the Rev. Father DALGAIRNS, Oratorian.

On FRIDAY, the 7th inst., by the Rev. FREDERICK OAKELEY, M.A.

On SATURDAY, the 8th inst., at 11 o'clock, a Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Hon. Edward Petre, R.I.P.

SUNDAY (within the Octave), the 9th inst., Pontifical High Mass at 11 o'clock, at which the Right Rev. Bishop GILLIS, Coadj. V.A. of Edinburgh, will preach.

Solemn Vespers and Benediction at half-past 6, with a Discourse by the Right Rev. Bishop BROWN, V.A. of Wales.

MONDAY, the 10th inst., Solemn Benediction at half past 7, with a Sermon by the Rev. Father IGNATIUS (Hon. and Rev. GEORGE SPENCER), Passionist.

TUESDAY (the Octave day), the 11th inst., Pontifical High Mass and Sermon, at 11 o'clock. Solemn Vespers and Benediction at 7 o'clock, with a Discourse by the Right Rev. Bishop WISEMAN, Pro V.A. London.

N.B. The Church will be open throughout the Octave, and there will be Collections at each Service.

DEO GRATIAS.

ST. PETER'S, WOOLWICH.—On SUNDAY, the

2d of July, a SERMON will be preached in the above Church by the Rev. F. OAKELEY, M.A., for the support of the SCHOOLS attached to the WOOLWICH MISSION. High Mass will commence at Eleven o'clock. There will be a Collection also at Vespers, at half-past Six.

Conveyances to and from Woolwich, by the River and Blackwall Railway, every quarter of an hour, and by the Eastern Counties Railway at the hours and half hours, till half-past Nine in the evening.

C. COLES.

ST. JOHN EVANGELIST, Duncan Terrace, Islington.

SUNDAY, July 2d, ANNIVERSARY of DEDICATION.—SOLEMN HIGH MASS at Eleven o'clock. SERMON by the Right Rev. W. MORRIS, D.D. "Te Deum" after Mass, during Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. VESPERS at Six o'clock, and SERMON by the Rev. P. ODWYER, M.A.

A Collection at every Service for the support of the Church.

ST. ELIZABETH'S CATHOLIC SCHOOLS,

RICHMOND, SURREY. PATRON, Right Rev. Dr. WISEMAN, Pro V.A.L.D.—A PUBLIC DEJEUNE in behalf of these Schools will take place at the CASTLE HOTEL, RICHMOND, on Thursday, the 6th of July, 1848, the Right Honourable the EARL of ARUNDEL AND SURREY, M.P., in the Chair.

Breakfast on Table at One for Two o'Clock precisely. Tickets 10s. 6d., Wine included.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—LUKE xviii. 16.

J. B. HEARNE, M.A., Chaplain.

The Vivid Steamer will be in readiness at Southwark Bridge Wharf at Nine o'Clock; at Hungerford Bridge at Half-past Nine o'Clock; at Chelsea Pier at a Quarter past Ten. The guests will be conveyed by the boat to Richmond and back to London, gratuitously.

Tickets may be had of Mr. Burns, Portman Street; Dolman, Bond Street; Tablet Office; and Mr. Rymer, 10 Nassau Street, Soho.

W. D. KENNY, Hon. Sec.

FAMED THROUGHOUT THE GLOBE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—DISORDER OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. K. Heydon, dated 78 King Street, Sydney New South Wales, the 30th September, 1847.

To Professor Holloway.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that Stuart A. Donaldson, Esq., an eminent merchant and agriculturist, and also a magistrate of this town, called on me on the 18th instant, and purchased your medicines to the amount of Fourteen Pounds, to be forwarded to his Sheep Stations in New England. He stated that one of his Overseers had come to Sydney some time previously for medical aid, his disorder being an affection of the Liver and Kidneys; that he had placed the man for three months under the care of one of the best Surgeons, without any good resulting from the treatment: the man then, in despair, used your Pills and Ointment, and, much to his own and Mr. Donaldson's astonishment, was completely restored to his health by their means. Now this surprising cure was effected in about ten days.

(Signed) J. K. HEYDON.

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BENJ. HENDERSON, Resident Sec., London.
SWINTON BOULT, Secretary to the Company.

June 13, 1848.

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TO GENTLEMEN WITH TENDER FEET.—

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8. The Scourging.
9. Christ bearing his Cross.
10. The Burial of Christ.
11. The Resurrection.
12. The Blessed Virgin and St. John.
13. St. John the Baptist.
14. Raising of the Widow's Son.
15. The Daughter of Jairus.
16. The Prodigal's Return.
17. Dives and Lazarus.
18. St. Peter delivered.
19. Behold I stand at the Door.
20. Penitence.
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